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The English Scene

Painted by John Leigh-Pemberton

WIMBLEDON: CENTRE COURT



WE HAVE OFTEN WONDERED how it feels to achieve championship status in some game or sport. We shall never know, of course. Our own performances are, let us say, consistent rather than spectacular and our acquaintance with the Centre Court at Wimbledon will remain that of a spectator. The realisation does not in the least spoil our enjoyment. We like the tennis. We are fascinated by the atmosphere—unique surely among English sporting occasions. Best of all, we enjoy the character of the Wimbledon fortnight which is as international in

flavour as the Midland Bank in its associations overseas. And we marvel as we move through the crowds, at how many of the players and visitors from abroad make use of our services to ensure that their stay in Britain is even more enjoyable. As proof positive, our Overseas Branch in the City and our West End Overseas Branch in Piccadilly Circus are busier than they have ever been. This must mean something. Surely, it is but confirmation – if such is needed – of our championship status in overseas banking – even if not in tennis?

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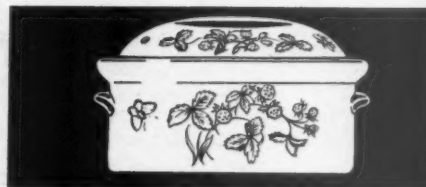
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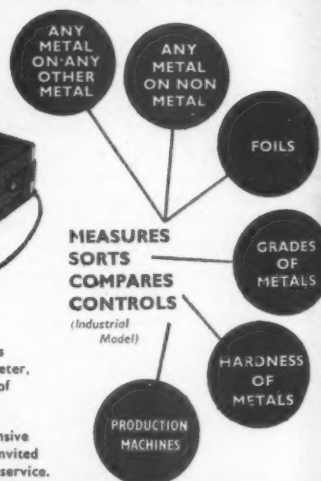
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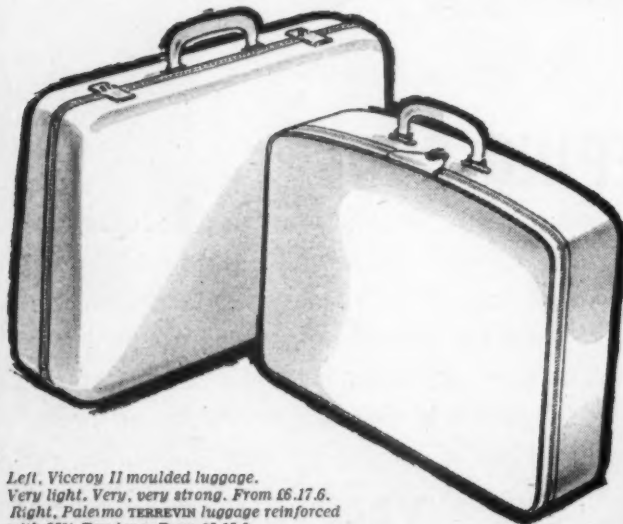
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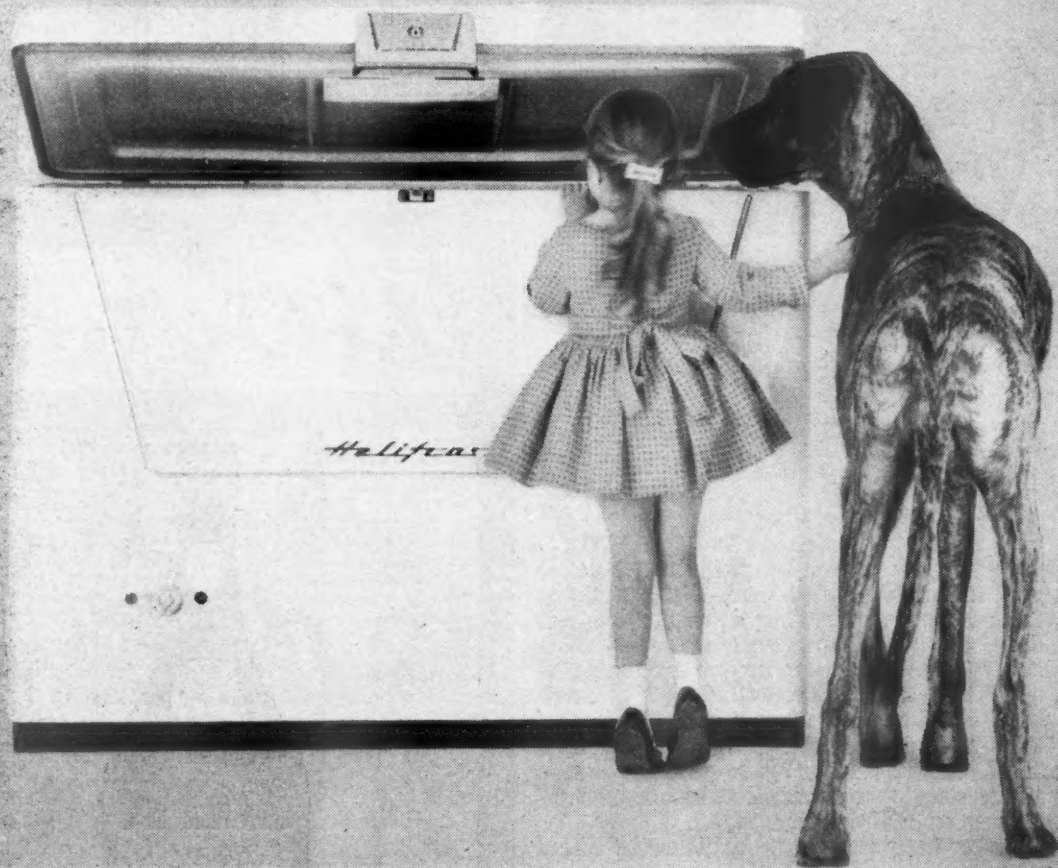
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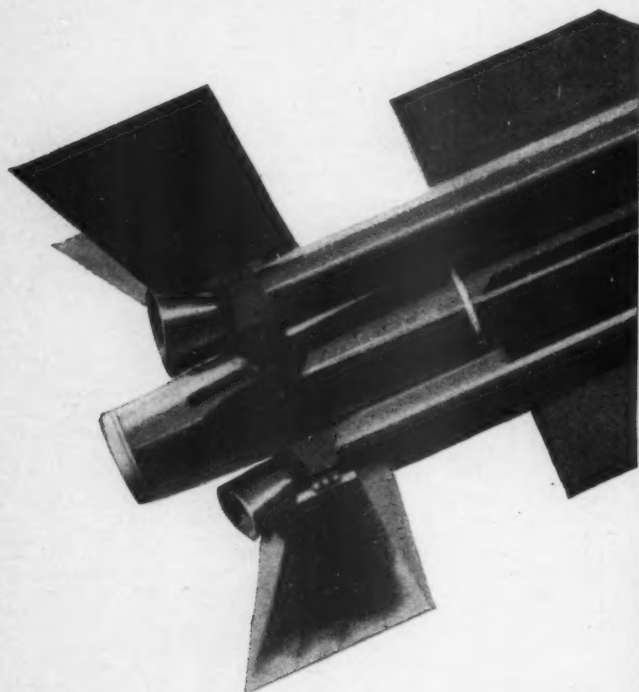
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BOVIS HOLDINGS LTD.

The Annual General Meeting is to be held in London on June 22nd, 1967, and in the following paragraphs are extracts from the circulated Statement of the Chairman, Mr. Harry Vincent, F.I.O.B.:—

Reflecting the accelerated tempo in the Industry, referred to in the Chairman's Statement last year, the turnover of your Group of Companies has again increased and the Accounts now before you show an increased profit. The Group Profit, before taxation, amounted to £261,603, as compared with £225,991 for 1959, whilst the Profit, after taxation, was £167,777, as compared with £130,559. It is proposed to pay a final dividend of 10% which, added to the interim dividend paid last December, makes a total of 15% in respect of 1960. On the increased Ordinary Capital this will absorb £43,640 against £26,797 last year. In addition to the dividend referred to, your Directors recommend a capital distribution to Ordinary Stockholders at the rate of 3%. This will involve a distribution of £14,250, as compared with £10,500 last year.

In putting these results and recommendations before you I am pleased to be able to state that they represent the fulfilment of the hopes expressed by me at the time the Rights Issue was announced last summer. They have been achieved despite the unusually inclement weather during the year and its adverse effect on building operations.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

It has been a great pleasure to me to welcome to the Board two such eminent persons as Sir Richard Powell, Bt., M.C., who is Director-General of the Institute of Directors, and the Honourable David Montagu, who is a Managing Director of Samuel Montagu & Co. Ltd., one of the leading Merchant Banks in the country.

Your Operating Companies have had an extremely active year:—

BOVIS LTD.

The upward trend in the volume of business secured by this Company has continued. A number of important contracts for Marks & Spencer Ltd. are in hand or due for commencement in the current year. Also in progress, or projected, in various parts of the country, is a substantial volume of store and office buildings for United Draperies Ltd. Further orders have been received on the Bovis System from many old and new customers, notably J. Sainsbury Ltd., United Dairies Ltd., Owen Owen Ltd., The Pyrene Co. Ltd., George Angus & Co. Ltd., The Times Furnishing Company Ltd., Charnos Ltd. and Independent Television News Ltd. The work of constructing The Londoner Hotel for Mayfair Hotels Ltd. was brought to a successful conclusion early in the year. The old Hotel that preceded it was completely reconstructed internally to provide 113 bedroom and bathroom suites and extensive banqueting accommodation in the remarkably short time of twenty-eight weeks from commencement to the opening day. It is thought this is a record for work of this type.

GILBERT-ASH LTD.

In 1960 Gilbert-Ash Ltd. completed the greatest annual turnover of work since this Company was formed. Expansion occurred in all its fields of activity. Work secured in competition included the rebuilding of Chelsea Barracks; the first instalment of the reconstruction of St. Thomas' Hospital; a major property development in Birmingham; and a large number of other contracts. In common with profit trends in the Industry, some of the larger competitive contracts are, however, proving less profitable than was anticipated. The Company's expanding Fee Department completed the first phase of the rebuilding of a ten-storey store for Harrison Gibson Ltd. at Ilford and a large bottling factory for Schweppes Ltd. at Sidcup. It is currently engaged in additional work for these same clients and for others as well, extending its activities into the north of England and Scotland. The "Intergrid" System of pre-cast and pre-stressed concrete for building structures of all types, which is owned by this Company, has been progressively developed, and designs for large educational buildings, shops and stores, offices, hospitals and factories have been produced.

LESLIE & CO. LTD.

Leslie & Co. Ltd. have extended their activities and have established a new branch office in Glasgow. The first difficult phase of the new Arnott Simpson store in that city has been completed to schedule—twelve months from the start—and this Company have been awarded further contracts by the House of Fraser for new departmental stores in Liverpool and

Sunderland. The widespread building programme for The Arndale Property Trust Ltd. has continued with novel shopping centre projects in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Durham and in Scotland. At the same time, refrigerated storage and distribution depots have been built for T. Wall & Sons (Ice Cream) Ltd. in towns all over the country. The first six blocks of multi-storey flats for the City of Newcastle were nearing completion at the year end and will be handed over well before time; a further six blocks are under construction and a contract for two more has been signed.

YEOMANS & PARTNERS LTD.

Yeomans & Partners Ltd. have during another successful year increased their activities, both in the field of medium-sized building projects and the larger type of maintenance contract for which they are well known.

COMPACTOM LTD.

Compactom Ltd. are leading specialists in the supply and erection of demountable prefabricated partitioning and of acoustic ceilings. One of the major contracts obtained in 1960 was for the whole of the demountable partitioning for the new headquarters on the South Bank for the Shell Petroleum Co. Ltd.

B.K. DEVELOPMENTS LTD.

As some Stockholders will already have learned from notices in the press and the most kindly reference in his recent statement by the Chairman of The Scottish Widows' Fund and Life Assurance Society, a development company has been formed to acquire properties for The Scottish Widows' Fund and Life Assurance Society, your Building Companies carrying out the construction work.

FUTURE PROSPECTS

In reviewing the Group's activities during the past year the opportunity should be taken of emphasizing that, despite the increased property development activity, the Group remains primarily the first class building organization which has developed and expanded over the years. Your principal Operating Companies continue to develop their own special relationships with increasing numbers of satisfied building owners as a result of the excellent building service they are able to provide by their methods. The special advantages of these are becoming much more widely understood in the commercial and industrial fields of building and some public authorities are now beginning to enjoy them. Bovis Ltd., pioneers in this field over thirty years ago, remain, it is believed, the only contractors who work entirely on a Fee System, although Leslie & Co. Ltd. are now turning towards a similar pattern.

The Building and Civil Engineering Industry has increased its activity very rapidly in the last year or so. Full and over full employment in our Industry, as in any other, inevitably bring their own difficulties and in such conditions, whilst turnover may go up, profits do not automatically increase in proportion. Your Company has shown a steady growth of profit in recent years and the year under review is no exception. It is never easy to forecast future trends. Nevertheless, it can be said that your Group of Companies have a substantial programme of the most varied kind of work ahead of them and look forward to the future with confidence. The immediate and very real problems attendant upon current conditions of labour shortage in the Industry and the after effects of the exceptionally inclement weather suffered during 1960 must not, however, be ignored and it would be unwise not to temper optimism for the future with a note of caution for the present.

THE GROUP TRADING POLICY

Your Companies are now becoming more widely known as "The B.H. Group of Companies" and the association of one Company of the Group with another is being increasingly recognized. It is hoped that each will derive strength from recognition of its association with the other, but at the same time the individual autonomy of operation and trading of each Company within its own particular field of activity will be strenuously maintained. Individually, as Companies, we maintain personal contact with Clients, Architects and Staff, which is so important. Collectively, as a Group, we are an organization with the resources at our disposal to enable us to undertake any type of development and contract work. This combination gives the Group a flexibility of approach which is perhaps unique in the Building Industry.

THE B.H. GROUP OF COMPANIES





THE LONDON CHARIVARI



All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)



The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)

The Andersonville Trial (Mermaid)—play about war crimes trial after American Civil War. **Belle, or The Ballad of Dr. Crippen** (Strand)—engaging satire on the famous murder, in which George Benson shines. (10/5/61)

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue.

Billy Liar (Cambridge)—Albert Finney triumphs in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

The Bird of Time (Savoy)—new play with Gladys Cooper and Diana Wynyard.

The Blacks (Royal Court)—Jean Genet's satire on the colour problem.

The Bride Comes Back (Vaudeville)—the Hulberts and Robertson Hare in simple-minded comedy. (7/12/60)

Celebration (Duchess)—new comedy.

Dazzling Prospect (Globe)—new comedy with Margaret Rutherford.

The Devils (Aldwych)—fairly dramatic play about seventeenth-century possession by John Whiting out of Aldous Huxley. (1/3/61)

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)

Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (19/4/61)

The Hollow Crown (Aldwych in Repertory)—readings from the classics about Kings and Queens starting June 12.

Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty, domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)

King Kong (Princes)—spontaneous but rather amateur musical from South Africa. (8/3/61)

Let Yourself Go! (Palladium)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud.

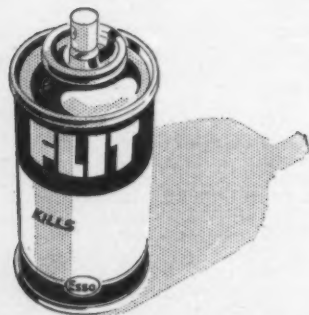
The Merchant of Venice (Old Vic)—(in repertory)

The Miracle Worker (Wyndham's)—Anna Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story. (15/3/61)

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years' wonder. (16/12/52)

Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—disappointing production. (12/4/61)

The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)



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My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical. (7/5/58)
Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical, from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)
Ondine (Aldwych)—fairy tale by Giraudoux minus some of its poetry. (18/1/61)
One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)
On the Brighter Side (Phoenix)—witty revue with Betty Marsden and Stanley Baxter. (19/4/61)
Progress to the Park (Saville)—slice-of-life about religious bigotry in Liverpool. (10/5/61)
The Rehearsal (Queen's)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)
Richard III (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer as a dashing dotty villain.
Romeo and Juliet (Old Vic)—verse smothered in Italianate production. (12/10/60)
Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)
Simple Spymen (Whitehall)—popular lowbrow farce.
The Sound of Music (Palace)—new American musical.
The Tenth Man (Comedy)—funny and touching drama in New York synagogue. (26/4/61)
Time and Yellow Roses (St. Martin's)—artificial drama about a mother-and-daughter conflict.
Twelfth Night (Old Vic)—patchy but interesting production. (26/4/61)
Watch It Sailor! (Apollo)—pierhead farce surprisingly well acted. (2/3/60)
West Side Story (Her Majesty's)—exciting dancing in American musical about juvenile gangs Ends June 10 followed by **Bye Bye Birdie**, new American musical. (24/12/58)
The World of Suzie Wong (Prince of Wales)—kitchen-drawer novelette with glamour built-in. (25/11/59)
Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

REP SELECTION

Dundee Rep, **The Durable Element**, until June 17.
 Queen's, Hornchurch, **Thark**, until June 17.
 Bromley Rep, **The Tiger and the Horse**, until June 10.
 Oldham Rep, **A Hatful of Rain**, until June 10.

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

Assassins in the Sun (Compton)—Brazilian: prisoners escape from a "Devil's Island." Scrappy and disconnected, full of fighting, shooting, blood and yells.

Ben Hur (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)

Boulevard (Berkeley)—Jean-Pierre (400 Blows) Léaud a bit older, in a Montmartre attic. This time (Duvivier directing) less realism, much more contrived melodrama and comedy.

Can-Can (Rialto, and on release)—Kaleidoscopic period musical: Cole Porter songs, immense vitality, and the irresistible Shirley MacLaine. (30/3/60)

The Crossing of the Rhine (Paris-Pullman)—Two Frenchmen taken prisoner in 1940: the simple one for whom people are more important than ideas is the happier at the end.



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 feel improperly dressed
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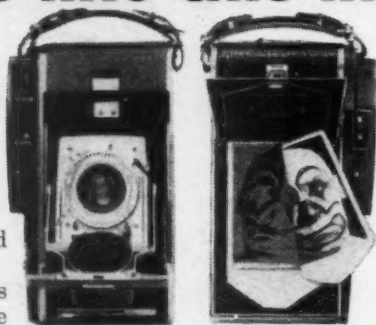
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POLAROID CAMERA

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XIII

Exodus (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)

The Guns of Navarone (Odeon, Leicester Square)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure-story. (10/5/61)

Macbeth (Academy)—Reviewed this week.

Mein Kampf (Continental)—Nazism from rise to fall. Uses film from many countries, including hitherto unpublished concentration-camp horrors. (19/4/61)

One Hundred and One Dalmatians (Studio One)—Full-length cartoon, Disney's best for years, from Dodie Smith's book. (5/4/61)

A Raisin in the Sun (Columbia)—From the play about the Negro family split by the acquisition of money. Funny, touching, full of character, admirably acted. (31/5/61)

Return to Peyton Place (Carlton)—Reviewed this week.

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (International Film Theatre)—A young Northerner (Albert Finney) at home and in and out of one or two other beds. Admirably done, very enjoyable. (9/11/60)

Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinematic in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.

The Secret Partner (Ritz)—Reviewed this week.

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

Spare the Rod (Odeon, Marble Arch—ends June 7)—Tough East End school, Max Bygraves as new master who manages to teach without the cane. Superficial but quite worth while. (31/5/61)

Spartacus (Metropole)—Spectacular "epic" with Kirk Douglas as a gladiator: blood, violence and colour in the arena.

Sunrise at Campobello (Warner)—Roosevelt (convincing impersonation by Ralph Bellamy), and how he made a career in spite of infantile paralysis. Climax impressive, but *longueurs* on the way.

Taste of Fear (released)—Very artificial surprising suspense story, poor man's Hitchcock. Helped by unusual speed of narration.



Whatever their differences...



... everyone
has a
'double'
when it's
Vat 69
FINEST SCOTCH
WHISKY



MUSIC

Royal Festival Hall. June 7, 8 pm, London Philharmonic Orch. (Sir Adrian Boult), Chopin-Beethoven-Brahms, Claudio Arrau (piano). June 7 (Recital Room), 7.45 pm, Helios Ensemble. C.P.E. Bach-Villa-Lobos-Martinu-Brahms. June 8, 8 pm, London Symphony Orch. (Rudolf Kempe), Casella-Strauss-Barber-Janacek, Roger Lord (oboe). June 9, 8 pm, Philharmonia Orch. (Ferenc Fricsay), Kodaly-Bartok-Dvorak, Annie Fischer (piano). June 10, 7.30 pm, BBC International Light Music Festival. June 11, 3 pm, Poetry and Jazz No. 2: Hampstead Poets Move South (readings by Spike Milligan etc., some with jazz accompaniment). June 11, 7.30 pm, London Philharmonic Orch. (John Pritchard), Mendelssohn-Tchaikovsky-Brahms, Moiseiwitsch (piano). June 12, 8 pm, Philharmonia Orch. (Pierino Gamba), Beethoven-Saint-Saens-Tchaikovsky, Rita Bouboulidi (piano). June 13, 8 pm, London Philharmonic Orch. (Gunnar Staern), Rossini-Beethoven-Tchaikovsky, Oscar Yerburgh (piano).

CONTINUED ON PAGE XVIII



How she's grown since her last voyage!

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Caroline's first Union-Castle trip—she was on the 'Nursery and 6 o'clock supper' list. Next time she was 12, and could swim in the pool with the grown-ups, and a good deal better than a lot of them. But it was still 'early to bed and not too many ice-creams!' Now, this voyage, her social life extends into the small hours, she watches her own calories with those superb Union-Castle meals, and the only way her elderly admirers can get a dance with her is to be lucky in the Paul Joneses. She's fortunate to have a father who has big business in South Africa, and likes having Caroline along as a companion—at least, he knows she's in the ship somewhere.....

R.M.S. PRETORIA CASTLE, 28,705 TONS



the going's good by

UNION-CASTLE

THE BIG SHIP WAY TO AFRICA

PUNCH

Vol. CCXL No. 6299
June 7 1961

Edited by
Bernard Hollowood



Articles

- 854 MALCOLM BRADBURY
North v. South : Attitude to Work
856 H. F. ELLIS
Sweating on the Bottom Line
858 PHILIP OAKES
New Reputations : Karel Reisz
861 E. S. TURNER
The Shape of Crimes to Come
866 SIRIOL HUGH-JONES
*English Institutions that Bit the
Dust : There'll Always be an
Olde Englande*
868 J. B. BOOTHROYD
Ah, But You Never Saw Shepard
869 JANE CLAPPERTON
The Tango is a Dance of Love
873 FRANK DOBBS
Integrated Pulp

Verse

- 863 R. P. LISTER
Bellifant
874 PENELOPE HUNT
Accountancy

Features

- 864 AN AUSTRALIAN'S SUMMER?
Bernard Hollowood with Hewison
875 ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT
Percy Somerset
876 IN THE CITY
Lombard Lane
876 IN THE COUNTRY
Ronald Duncan
877 SUNDAY IN THE PARK
Graham
884 FOR WOMEN
886 TOBY COMPETITIONS

Criticism

- 878 THEATRE (Eric Keown)
879 FILMS (Richard Mallett)
880 TOURNAMENT (B. A. Young)
880 RADIO (Patrick Ryan)
881 BOOKING OFFICE
*Violet Powell : The Flowers of the
Field*

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*For overseas rates see page 886.

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Charivaria

UGLY developments are likely to follow the warning given by an Illinois College of Medicine professor that men with hairless chests should not drink much alcohol. The fault, dear Bacchus, is in their genes. Feverish if slightly falsetto calls for one more round just before closing time may induce the conscientious landlord to demand an unbuttoning of shirts while the golden moments are slipping away. Tarzan types, swaggeringly flaunting their fur, will shout aggressively for "a hair of the dog that bit me, and there's plenty of that."

Perpetual Motion

THE Van Neste Foundation has made a grant of £60,000 to set up a research department at Bristol University which will investigate, if I have it right, such problems as, What goes on



in the mind of a boy whose father has won £75,000 on the pools? And then, of course, they can turn their attention to the further problem of what goes on in the mind of a professor at Bristol University when his university gets £60,000 from the Van Neste Foundation.

Everybody Join In

IT seems that two youths who broke into a fur factory in London were caught by a departmental manager on

parole from prison. Thus everyday life becomes richer and more satisfying. What I want to hear about now is a youth on probation snatching a handbag and being chased down the street by a paroled prisoner and an unfrocked



priest, only to be tripped up by a hammered stockbroker and receive first aid from a struck-off doctor. The police will then be called by a pedestrian who is really a motorist banned from driving. It would make a good slice-of-life play for the telly.

It's Fun Finding Out

AN inquisitive small boy sat behind me at the Royal Tournament and asked questions of his adult escort all through the performance. Mostly they were of the order of "What's the time now?" but during the Household Cavalry's musical ride he aimed higher. "Are those real horses?" he enquired; and when he had been told they were he thought a moment and added "Do they mind?"

Pavlov, MP

THE behaviour of politicians has become so predictable that the *Daily Telegraph* had a headline last week running "MPs To CLASH TO-DAY ON MR. BUTLER." This is a good thing



Hollownord

"You've got enough worries of your own without worrying about whether Macmillan is worrying enough about his worries."

on the whole. Too often visitors have been taken along to see the workings of the Mother of Parliaments and found nothing going on except the second reading of the Monmouthshire Rabbit-Clearance (Control) Bill. Soon they'll be able to wait until the papers announce a shouting match or a fracas and nip along and see something really happening. True it didn't turn out to be much of a clash in this case, but by the time *The Times* starts announcing in To-day's Events "House of Commons. Uproar. 7.15 p.m." even the most somnolent back-bencher will know what is expected of him and be able to put on a really good show.

Cold Comfort

AT his press conference explaining the famous southern electricity failure Sir Christopher Hinton gave the assurance, "The chances of the same thing happening again are less than your having an accident in your car driving away from here." He'll have to do better than that.

Don't Knock The Rock

IT is glad news that the creeping puritanism descending on Paris since the start of the de Gaulle régime is to be checked by the appearance in the shops there of British-made Paris Rock (lettered all through with the words "Paris, France"). At first sight I thought this was just a French riposte

to our proposals to open casinos in Brighton and the Isle of Man and the rest, but actually it's something better than that—it marks the acknowledgment for the first time since the war that the British tourist has some money to spend on something more than his bare subsistence.

Can the Camera Lie?

COMMERCIAL TV producers in America are in trouble for showing synthetic shaving cream made of tooth-paste and bogus oil drops on margarine to make the products look more alluring. But what do viewers expect? When a woman is seen in agony with a splitting headache because she hasn't had the wit to take Braynewash there is no ethical outcry that the model is a radiant natural comédienne who had the studio in fits just before the cameras clicked. Truth lies at the bottom of a well, which is no place to keep a telly.

Living it Up

THERE was a time when I would walk home from the cinema a slit-eyed John Wayne or a stony-faced Henry Fonda—depending on the John Ford film I'd just seen. I believe this sort of adjustment to reality is fairly common. It apparently affects motorists



"What d'you think we want to congratulate him on? The new Zoo aviary?"

In next Wednesday's
PUNCH
Down to the Sea in Ships

2 pages of drawings by
THELWELL

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

on

*The Free Untrammelled Girl
with the English Complexion*

leaving meetings at Silverstone—police say that average speeds on the M1 increase by nearly fifty per cent. But what about boxing enthusiasts? Do they quit their ringside seats beating the daylight out of each other? Does the dogs-lover rush home to take his Pongo for runnies? And what about that curious expression of disillusionment seen on visitors leaving the House of Commons?

Puzzle

A NEW YORK hotel wants quadrilingual clerks, trilingual pages and a bilingual doorman. And monoglot guests?

Inconspicuous Consumption

THE latest form of inverted snobbery is not merely to camouflage your television set in a cocktail cabinet, but to have it sunk below the floor, to emerge only when, with closed curtains and locked doors, you want to indulge. This suggests that there may be a future for other modes of luxury-concealment. What about making the cocktail cabinet itself look like a kitchen store-cupboard, full of half-filled jars? Swimming pools could be inexpensively disguised by filling them with water-cress. A simple superstructure could convert a Cadillac into an itinerant tinker's van. And for the shy xenophile good vintages could be relabelled with the dates of notoriously bad years.

Communiqué

AT last I heard a voice upon the slope
Cry to the summit "Is there any hope?"

To which an answer pealed from that high land

But in a tongue no man could understand.

—Tennyson: *The Vision of Sin*

—MR. PUNCH



"The daring young man . . ."

Covering new ground in the debate between
"virile" North and "soft" South

versus NORTH SOUTH



Attitude to Work

MALCOLM BRADBURY speaks for the North

MALCOLM BRADBURY is the author of a novel, Eating People is Wrong, and a book of humorous essays, Phogey, or How to Have Class in a Classless Society. He is now an academic; after studying in and teaching in several universities in England and America, he is Staff Tutor in Literature in the Department of Adult Education, Hull University. Lives, with his wife, in a country cottage in the East Riding.

I HAVE long been of the opinion that the English provinces are the only justification for the continued existence of England at all. I know that this view is brash, unfashionable, naïve . . . and, in a word, provincial. And this, precisely, is its attraction; this is its justification. London is décor, and fancy décor at that. The provinces are what London lives off. London and the English south—which is as indolent and decadent as the American south—may be fancy, fast-talking and smart; London may drink the right drinks and slink the right slinks, but it is the provinces which enable it to live in this way—the provinces which provide it with money, style and even opinion. London, dapper, gin-drinking and manipulative, may be where we all end up (if we are not careful) but the provinces are where we come from.

In return the big city provides us with services—chain-stores, television programmes and governmental supervision. All societies, it is true, need a balance between the metropolis and its provinces. The trouble in England is that the balance is being spoiled. The provinces are non-London; and they are receding all the time. We have just been told that London is getting too big and that employers will simply have to move their businesses out of London to the provinces. Kettering and Wellingborough should be expanded into a vast metropolis to take them. But of course this isn't moving London out into the provinces; it is taking more of the provinces into London. The provinces retreat perceptibly every year, and dedicated non-Londoners like myself retreat with them. It has now got to the stage where

almost everything south of Manchester is London—except for a few self-consciously regional areas in the west, like Wales and Cornwall. And even worse is the creeping Londonization that spreads into every town and village in the country, no matter where it is. The main agents of this colonization are the chain store and the telly. And much as I approve of regional nationalism, I see no future for it. I'm all for an independent Scotland, but I fear the two nations are inextricably linked by fudge bars and Bootsie and Snudge.

Thus, for the true provincial, the provinces become more and more the north. We used to live in Nottingham; but when the bookshops started to close down and the chain stores ousted the local grocers and the City Library banned a book by the district's—and the nation's—greatest provincial author, D. H. Lawrence, it became apparent that it was time to move on. We went to the East Riding of Yorkshire, where feudal manners reign, where forelocks (for touching) are still in style and where the buses have Gothic pointed roofs, for going through Gothic pointed gateways. It is true that we cannot escape the Great Wen completely (thus the historic centre of Beverley is to be disembowelled so that people from the South can drive through it more quickly on

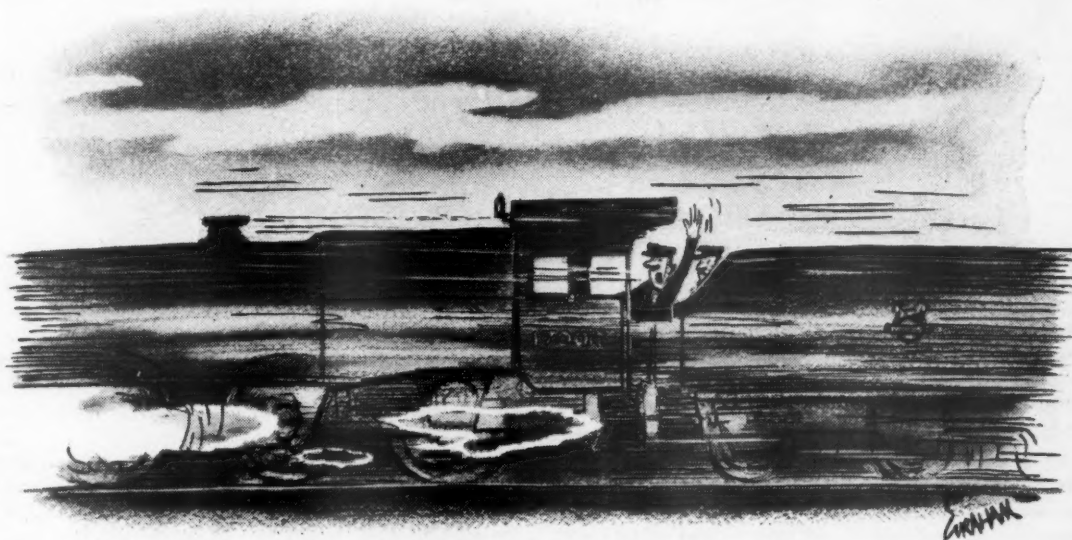


their way to the sea) but we feel curiously better now that we are further away from the seat of government.

There is, I think, no doubt that distance from London radically affects one's attitudes. I have no doubt that there is a positive correlation between proximity to London and attitude toward work. The further people are away from London and its influences, the harder they seem to work. The other day I was talking to a northerner who had been moved south by the firm for which he worked. "They're all bone idle down here," he told me. "There isn't one of them that does a proper day's work. They're always waiting for something, either for five o'clock or for the week-end or for

at all. They are subsidized idleness. Is it, for instance, work to go on a television commercial and smack your lips and say "Mmmm! Delicious!" for money? In the south this would be called "acting" and the man would be considered a professional. The northerner would say "It's marvellous what people can get away with these days." The northerner likes to see a healthy relationship between effort and money, not simply because he has no time for idleness but because he upholds the puritan ethic that work is a virtue. The northerner doesn't make special exceptions for genius; if northern geniuses want to be made a fuss of they go south.

The difference between the northern and the southern



"I suppose we'd better wave back to the little perishers."

the holidays. Down here they say 'I think you'd better take some of that work off Mr. Jenkins. He's going on holiday next week.' Up north they'd say: 'Jenkins, I think you'd better stay late an evening or two next week. I want you to have a clear desk when you go off on holiday.' And you should see them going home at night. The minute it's ten to five, out with their little towels and soap and off to the washroom so they can be away on the dot. They don't know what work is. I'm lost on week-ends; they live for it."

Observation seems to confirm the impression. Lunch hours in London are longer, and sometimes in fact go on to four-thirty; consumption of wines and spirits and heavy foods result in attenuated alertness throughout the afternoon. "If you don't get your work done in the morning in London," said one businessman, "you won't get it done till next day." Northerners, coming south to retire, discover that the people down there have been retired all their lives. Perhaps all this explains why so many London businesses are run by northerners and Scotsmen.

Not only do people work harder the farther they are away from London. They also have different ideas as to what constitutes work. Thus it is generally agreed in the north that most of the things people do in the south are not work

attitude toward work can then be simply stated. People in the north work, and those in the south don't. The only people who work hard in the south are estate agents, hotel keepers and posh-car salesmen—in short, people in non-jobs. For this isn't real work at all. This is being a middleman. *In the south people who have work don't do it and those who do work hard are doing non-work.* The south is full of the idle rich and the idle poor—people who talk more than they should and have non-wives and live in non-houses. They are transients. They spoil one place and move somewhere else. They make their money in one place and spend it somewhere else. Their lives are like the lives of telly commercials, magazine advertisements and escapist films. They wear fancy corsets and bikinis, or hair oil and neck-scarves and cavalry twill. They have no real life at all. And the reason they are able to live this way is that they live on money made in the north.

They are in short users and not creators. The south has produced almost no great writers since it all became London. It is true that one of the greatest of all writers, Jane Austen, lived in the south, but this is when the south was still as provincial as Haworth is now. Jane Austen was, like nearly every great writer, a provincial, and a devout one; she suspected even the moral values of Bath—as she makes clear

in *Persuasion*—and she doubtless agreed with her mother's view that London was of no use to anyone since it allowed time for one's duty neither to God nor man. A great many writers, for different reasons, have looked askance at London. Unfortunately they also need it. The raw material in the literary and intellectual as well as in the physical sphere originates in the provinces; but it is processed in London. When you have a good idea, you bring it to London and you will find there someone who can use it.

But, as I have said, the provinces are receding, and these sound and healthy northern attitudes are not what they once were. Power, in these days of social change, lies in the hands of those who excel at the means of communication—and this was always a southern skill. The south therefore spreads its glossy ethic of idleness, deracination and "Mmmm! Delicious!" through the quivering television acrials of Salford and Halifax and Hull, and the north totters. There was a time when London thought to-morrow what Manchester

thinks to-day. This, no doubt, is still true, but for the world to hear it it must be said through London (thus the north has two voices of sense, *The MANCHESTER Guardian* (as I insist on calling it) and *The Yorkshire Post*, but one sees the irresistible pull of London on them both); and what goes through London is changed by the experience. However, one can't help suspecting that the south is cutting off its nose to spite its face. It is, after all, on the industry of the north that the south lives, and an indolent north would bring our society to a complete stop.

Next week:

GERARD FAY replies for the South

Later contributors:

PATRICK RYAN
STEPHEN POTTER

NEVILLE CARDUS
AIDAN CRAWLEY

Sweating on the Bottom Line

By H. F. ELLIS

TURKISH baths have been with us for a century. "Turkish sweating baths became popular . . . 1860" says an old reference book of mine, without committing itself to the precise year of their introduction. And for the greater part of that time they have been irredeemably comic, one with that great brotherhood of miscellaneous objects—some home-grown, like kippers, some alien, like samovars—on which the British public has bestowed the accolade of spontaneous

laughter. Jerome K. Jerome, one feels almost certain, must have made play with Turkish baths. "My brother-in-law," they used to say in the old music halls when in need of a surefire winner, "'e's a Turkish bath attendant, you know . . ." A Mr. Low, a cartoonist, rightly considered that a towel round the middle of a plumpish elderly gentleman would be well received by generation after generation of readers who had never been inside one of these exotic places. There may be parts of

the world, Turkey for instance, where the Turkish bath is taken for granted, something you either indulge in or not, like tobacco; but over here it is a joke.

Or was.

"Mr. I. Shotton, Wolverhampton Baths Superintendent, believes there is a rising demand for this type of facility."

This statement, which I take from *The Times*, is significant, not because a thing ceases to be funny when a lot of people want it (kippers have been in tremendous demand throughout their long and hilarious life) but because of the Superintendent's choice of words. I do not believe a facility can remain funny any more than mothers-in-law could continue to be laughter-raisers once they had been classed as amenities. The mere fact that an official can refer to a Turkish bath in this unstudied off-hand way as a facility, more, as a *type* of facility, robs it instantly and automatically of all that foreignness, all that was ever bizarre, all the plushness and plumminess and steaming Edwardian coloneley that popular imagination has so long and so uproariously bestowed upon it. A facility? Damn it, that's no joke. That's something we've a right to *have*. Is there or is there not a Public Health Service in this country? Let us not rest, let the voice of popular indignation never be hushed until every community, nay every conurbation, has



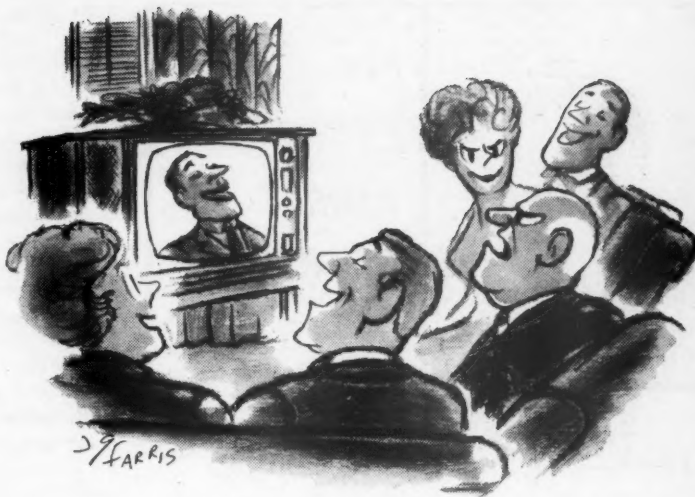
"One bitter, one mild and one merged."

this type of facility right bang in the middle of its shopping precinct. "A Turkish bath," as Mr. Shotton so properly says, "must be centrally sited."

We are going too fast however. If the only bar to a more widespread enjoyment of the healthful properties of the Turkish bath were its joke-status, that difficulty could swiftly be overcome, as we have seen, by turning it into a facility. But Turkish baths are not only funny, they are upper class. Just why they bear this shocking stigma is not altogether easy to understand. For the past thirty years at least such baths as have managed to keep their doors open have been neither notably more expensive than cinemas nor more thickly crowded with county families. Women novelists, who rarely miss a trick when it comes to suggesting an aura of high life, have hardly ever, so far as I know, begun their chapters "Emerging briskly from the Turkish bath, Lord Summers turned his footsteps . . ." Yet the belief that Turkish baths are for Top People has remained ineradicably lodged in the minds of the masses; and it is going to be quite a struggle to remove it. Witness the burningly conscious words of Mr. J. Cooney, of the Transport and General Workers' Union, when addressing Wolverhampton, Bilston & District Trades Council recently on the question whether Wolverhampton should or should not have a Turkish bath:

"The working classes cannot afford to pay for Turkish baths or even afford the time needed to use them. Such baths are for the obese and overweight, the people who eat too much, drink too much and work too little." To which Mr. W. Laws, of the Electrical Trades Union, added the telling footnote "If people want to shed weight they should go into the foundries."

So here we are, slap up against the old snobbery that makes labour leaders try, with almost religious fervour, to deny to their followers anything, any facility even, that can be thought to bear the terrible taint of the better-to-do. Whatsoever things are U, whatsoever things are la-di-dah, whatsoever things are spat-like or top-hattish, if there be any virtue in them, if there be anything to enjoy or praise, ignore it. Let mockery thrive. What is to happen to the solidarity of the working classes if half of them



"I'm laughing on the inside."

are exposed to the sudatorium, like so many fat baronets?

I do not know what kind of uproar there would have been in Wolverhampton if a Conservative had answered the cry for Turkish baths with the Marie-Antoinetteish advice "Let them go into the foundries," or had suggested that trade union members were too poor and had too little leisure to need a type of facility more properly reserved for the aristocracy. You have to be a labour leader to say these things without arousing resentment. But I don't doubt that, when local union branches vote on the question whether they do or do not want a Turkish bath, their answer will be No. The precise nature of such a bath, what it is and what it does, what it would cost to enter and how long the process would take, will not, I think, be widely canvassed. The thing is branded. Let the gross monopoly capitalists throng these gilded and unEnglish palaces. The old hip bath is good enough for Mr. Laws and me.

Historically all this is sadly misconceived. The Turkish bath after all is only the Roman bath, introduced to the Orient in Imperial times, retained there when its original inventors in the west lost their leisure for such indulgences, and brought to England from Istanbul in the middle of the last century by the excellent Urquhart. Its tepidarium, its calidarium (or sudatorium) and its frigidarium, its kneading,

rubbing, thumping and cold douching—all these are purely Roman. And "when the public baths were first instituted in Rome" (I quote from dear old Dr. Smith) "they were only for the lower orders, who alone bathed in public; the people of wealth, as well as those who formed the equestrian and senatorian orders, used private baths in their own houses." So you see? These sweating baths belong, by ancient right, to the people. Usurped, it may be, for a time by the moguls of the nineteenth century, pushed up, hidden away in clubs, treacherously converted into the plaything of fat generals and company directors, they are yet in origin and essence the birthright of the plebs.* Why should not the people, led and inspired by the Trades Council of Wolverhampton, arise and demand the restitution of this priceless boon, this basic human need, this type of facility that was theirs two thousand years ago? The Turkish bath, being both comic and U, they may rightfully reject. But a Roman bath is surely something of which any conurbation might be proud. "Give us back our *balneae*" is a rallying cry that neither Mr. Cooney nor Mr. Laws need be ashamed to utter.

*The price of admission, from the age of Cicero onwards, was a *quadrans*, the smallest piece of coined money, or about half a farthing, which sets a useful precedent. Strangers and foreigners were admitted to some at least of the baths without payment—and what could be more thoroughly National Health than that?



Break for Commercial

By PHILIP OAKES

SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING—the film which, to date, has made the biggest splash in what looks cheerfully like a New Wave in the British cinema—was shot from start to finish in seven weeks. Greta Garbo has seen it four times. Two watch committees have banned it as immoral. It established Albert Finney as a world star, and Alan Sillitoe—the author of the novel from which it came—as the best practising observer of the industrial British scene. But above all the film bore the thumbprint of its director, Karel Reisz, who calls it an attempt to make screen poetry out of life as it really exists.

Reisz also heads a company which makes advertising films. In seven days at Hastings he shot four commercials plugging a brand of washing powder, and spent the next two days in the cutting rooms hacking them into shape before flying to America to be quizzed on his beliefs as a film-maker. The problems presented by each forty-five-second epic are, he insists, as intriguing as those encountered in making a major film: "Commercials have to be made credible. You must allow for three seconds of joy, four seconds of jealousy, three seconds of pride in whiteness, and—inevitably—a sales talk. Technically they're fascinating."

They are also extremely well paid. Top directors (and Reisz is one of the best) can earn around £200 for a day's work. He says that commercials have subsidized his independence. They have bought time in which he can choose his next big subject. But he also allows that their clamour for the rich full life on easy terms is precisely what—by implication—his most admired films have been against. "I confess," he says, "to a slight feeling of shame."

The chances are that Reisz will soon leave the huckster's fold. Commercials have tuned him up to a pitch of technical brilliance. But he is uneasy with the denizens of the small screen world whose patois chimes the virtues of dog food,

toilet paper, and pre-cooked rice pudding. Every art form has its combat squad whose job is to establish a beach-head on public taste, and instinctively Reisz belongs to the platoon including Kingsley Amis, John Osborne, Tony Richardson, the team of Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall, and Jack Clayton (whose film of *Room at the Top* helped to pave the way for *Saturday Night's* triumphal passage).

They do not form a Movement with a capital M. Broadly speaking they are iconoclasts, moving in the same direction. Not one is a commercial virgin. Amis has appeared in colour advertisements quaffing bottled beer; Clayton directs advertising films; Richardson has worked in Hollywood; Osborne went through the mill as a rep actor; Waterhouse wrote a brash newspaper column; and Hall has had a hit play. They are all tough, practical and radical. Temperamentally Reisz is one of their company. Only by birth is he the odd man out.

He was born in a small town in Czecho-Slovakia where his father was a judge. The family was prosperous, bourgeois and Jewish. When he was twelve, Reisz joined his brother at a Quaker school in England. His parents, who stayed behind, were killed by the Nazis. Reisz joined the RAF, won his wings as the war ended and went on to Cambridge, where he spent two terms learning to juggle with billiard balls. He claims proudly that he can still keep five balls in the air at once.

He also obtained a science degree, and spent two years teaching a class of fifty at the Marylebone Grammar School in Beethoven Street, off Mozart Square, next door to the Sonata Laundry. Physically, he is small, with the furry, preoccupied look of a dormouse calculating the best way to climb out of a teapot. As a teacher he says he maintained discipline by shouting, but he still has a recurrent nightmare in which he shepherds sixty small boys through north London to their football pitch. "It was, and still remains," he says, "my idea of hell."

Reisz quit teaching to become a freelance writer, with the hope of getting into films. He found it hard going, but in 1949—without ever having set foot in a cutting room—he





"Why the devil can't you pick a space your own size?"

was commissioned by the British Film Academy to write a text book on Film Editing. The idea was for Reisz to pick the brains of a symposium of distinguished directors, but only one—Thorold Dickinson—followed the project through to its end.

Instead of being fed the necessary information, Reisz was forced to sift it for himself from several miles of celluloid. For two years he ran films by Griffiths, von Stroheim, David Lean, and Jules Dassin through a movieola. He took them apart and put them together again. He learned what made them tick, and in the cutting room fug he became an addict.

When Reisz talks of physically handling film he sounds like Zsa Zsa Gabor purring over a mink bedspread. And when the Academy ran out of funds he finished the book in his own time for a share of the royalties. Already the book has run into ten editions and still earns Reisz a steady £150 a year. He says now that certain sections make him wince. "But," he adds, "the success is good for my bourgeois Jewish ego."

In fact Reisz is militantly anti-racial. But like Osborne,

and others of the New Wave, he has a deep feeling for tradition, and a wary kind of patriotism (he is a naturalized British subject) which mouths no slogans and shies away from the editorial bunting of the *Daily Express*.

He is a member of the Labour Party, but more likely to be seen at Lord's (he is a keen cricketer) than at a political rally. He takes no sides in the class war, but feels that the human values which concern him are to be seen more clearly at work in working class manners. He talks constantly of wanting to make films which are "civilized," and—although he would sooner paint his balding head bright green than publish a manifesto—his purpose as a film-maker is akin to Lindsay Anderson's "... to make ordinary people feel their dignity and importance so that they can act from their principles."

In the autumn Reisz (as producer) and Anderson (as director) join forces to make the film version of David Storey's novel *This Sporting Life*. It is the first time that their talents have been wedded commercially, but their collaboration dates from the time that Reisz—then Programmes Officer for the National Film Theatre—edited the last two issues of *Sequence*,

"For heaven's sake, Deborah, you never see people throwing things in 'House and Garden.'"



a film magazine of ferocious integrity, founded by Anderson and Gavin Lambert.

With somewhat shrill insistence, *Sequence* called for a pogrom of Wardour Street values and Hollywood manners. It stuck pins into the Pinewood-built image of Lord Rank. And it forecast a revolution in British film-making. The industry sat tight, and grinned like a corporate Cheshire Cat. But with *Free Cinema*—a programme of experimental films, backed by the British Film Institute—the revolution was on its way.

Three films made up the programme: *O Dreamland*, a blood-letting prowling round a funfair, by Lindsay Anderson; *Together*, a story of two deaf mutes, by Lorenza Mazetti and Denis Horne; and *Momma Don't Allow*, a joyful stomp round a London jazz club by Karel Reisz and Tony Richardson. All three films were made cheaply; all three looked candidly at some aspect of contemporary life; and—most alarming—all three spiked their documentary flavour with tart social comment.

Free Cinema collected columns of critical praise. And although Pinewood maundered profitably on, the *cinéastes* at least had been given a taste of what they wanted. So had Karel Reisz, but his next unveiling was on the first night of ITV when a commercial which he had produced told unsuspecting viewers that a Ford car was like a jewel.

Hired as Ford's Programme Officer, Reisz produced training films and commercials by the dozen. His memories of executive meetings at which echelons of top brass answered, in a descending scale, to their postal numbers (Sir Patrick Hennessy was Number One) have a fine surrealist ring. But Ford money—from an experimental fund—provided the backing for *Every Day Except Christmas*, Lindsay Anderson's film about Covent Garden. And it financed *We Are the Lambeth Boys*, an authentic and affectionate study of a London youth club, which established Karel Reisz as a major director.

In the documentary field *The Lambeth Boys* set a new style. It was shot with a sound camera (Walter Lassally, the cameraman, filmed a dance-hall sequence wrapped in a blanket to cut out excess noise). It won top-of-the-column reviews (critics who missed an ill-timed press show were badgered to see the film by colleagues who caught the first screening). And, incredibly, it went out on a circuit booking.

For Reisz it also established a working method. Before shooting a foot of film he spent five months getting to know the people and the place. And two years later, when he started work on *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, he began with the same kind of intensive preparation. For a spell he lived in a mining village near Nottingham. Then for five weeks he tramped round Nottingham itself, choosing locations and soaking up atmosphere.

To save both time and tension he rehearsed the cast for two weeks at home. "Rehearsal," he says, "is the time when you find out what you want to do. Actors must be protected from studio pressures. With cameramen and technicians standing around they're liable to worry about things which really don't matter." Albert Finney—who played the lead in *Saturday Night*—agrees: "Preparation's essential. Making a film involves such a long period of creation, and in theory at least the first day's shooting is intended to be part of the finished film. So it's important, even on the first day, that you should all know what you're aiming at. Of course you're bound to find out more about the subject as you work, but the more preparation you can do beforehand the better it is for everyone."

Saturday Night broke practically all of the old industry rules. It had no established stars. It was made on the comparatively low budget of £120,000 (*Ben Hur* cost £3 million). And—despite watch committees—it has so far played to over six million people. Its success staggered even Reisz, who says he expected it to appeal almost exclusively to young people in Britain. At the Warner Theatre in

London it was booked only for a cautious two weeks, and Reisz himself telephoned the booking manager of a second-run cinema—a friend from Film Institute days—to warn him that he should at least see the film before putting his money down. The friend disregarded his advice, booked the film without having seen it—and broke house records.

Since *Saturday Night* Reisz has had the film world beating at the lilac front door of his house in Hampstead where he lives with his wife and three sons. "In the industry phrase," he says, "I am 'hot'. But I want to choose the films I make very carefully. The way in which most films appeal to an audience is coarse and overblown—like a poster. What I want my films to have is sobriety. I want to make interesting the *trivia* of everyday life.

"It's not easy: in Britain the money boys are still in charge. There's no tradition—as there is on the Continent—of a director controlling his own fate. But there's no reason why this shouldn't happen. Commercially I believe that the people who *make* films can judge—just as well as

the salesmen—what will turn out to be box-office."

As a film-maker Reisz has a reputation that is currently whiter than white. There are critics though who suggest that his passion for the purely technical side of movie-making may lead him into difficulties. Will he, they ask, be able to abandon the hucksters when they come to him—not with money—but with problems so intricate that solving them will make him the adman's equivalent of a small screen Botvinnik? And isn't it also conceivable, they add, that Reisz's credo as an artist will be infected by his advertising stable mates?

On both counts Reisz thinks not, and the evidence is in his favour. His fee as producer of *This Sporting Life* will not add substantially to his bank balance. But for less money he gets greater control. Commercials have given him security, but for several days this spring, while colleagues were coining the money within range of a sales pitch, Reisz was nowhere to be seen. He was in Bradford looking for locations; on foot, and in the rain.

The Shape of Crimes to Come

By E. S. TURNER

Are there times when you just don't know what things are coming to? Here, to confirm your qualms, are some extracts from the court reports in the "Nether Millstone Weekly Argus" of April 1, 1965:

DISCOURTEOUS

JOHN FIDGETT, of The Sweepings, Rock Bottom, was charged at Nether Millstone yesterday under the Road Courtesy Act (1961) with failing to make "a sign, signal, movement or gesture indicative of appreciation or obligation" to a motorist who allowed him to use a pedestrian crossing.

The driver of a private car, Harold Husk, said that at great inconvenience he slowed to allow Fidgett to cross the road. In order to shame him into making the statutory acknowledgment witness called after him "Don't say thank you, will you?" but Fidgett glared angrily and made a gesture which was not of the type required by the Act. Husk added that the incident upset him and shortly afterwards he drove on to the pavement, knocking down two women. His car was undamaged.

Fidgett said he had never heard of the Road Courtesy Act. "Then I will give you seven days to study it," said the Chairman, Sir Athelstan Gouge.

CAR PARK OFFENCE

For driving away from a free car park at the Bombastic Cinema without paying the attendant, Albert Crumm, of Clore Crescent, was fined £5.

The attendant, Samuel Grimes, said that although he stood at the exit with his hand out, Crumm drove right past him, merely saying "Good night." He ran after the car and caught up with it at traffic lights. Here Crumm reluctantly produced twopence, which witness refused to accept. While this was happening, six other drivers left the car park without paying.

Crumm told the magistrates that he thought free car parks were free.

There was loud laughter from the public benches.

"You appear to be living in a world of fantasy," said the Chairman. "Would you expect a one-day cleaner to clean your trousers in one day?"

"No, sir," replied Crumm.

"Then there is still hope for you," said the Chairman.

CHAIRMAN'S OUTBURST

"The sooner we are rid of self-employed persons like you, the better," said Sir Athelstan Gouge to John Brash, describing himself as an artist, of Butter Row, who admitted having failed to stamp his insurance card. He was fined £20.



"Eggs for lunch today, dear."

Brash complained that under the Act of 1963 self-employed persons now had to pay three times as much in contributions as the employed. They were being, literally, stamped out (laughter).

"And quite right, too," said the Chairman. "You people who wish to be self-supporting must pay for your selfishness. Try to remember that you are not living in the nineteenth century. My advice to you is to behave like any other Englishman and go to work for somebody else. Or failing that, sign on at the Labour Exchange and draw unemployment relief openly and honestly. Then, perhaps, you will be able to buy yourself some decent clothes."

REFUSED TO ANSWER

Charged with failing to answer a question put to him in the street by a television interviewer, Charles Trivett, of Verbena Villas, was fined £2.

Trivett said he was walking home

when a hatless, unkempt individual poked him in the stomach with a hand microphone and asked him whether he was in favour of the sterilization of teenagers. He did not answer because he had not given the matter thought.

"That is the most ridiculous excuse I have ever heard," said Sir Athelstan Gouge. "How could television programmes be produced if everyone took your attitude? The essence of a democracy is that every citizen shall give his opinions on demand, however ill-considered or ill-informed they may be."

Trivett said he wished to apologize to the television authorities. If they still wished to know his views, the answer was "Yes."

LEARNED HIS LESSON

John Dreggs, company director, of Bogwater Court, pleaded guilty to being in charge of a motor vehicle while under the influence of food.

PC West said the accused was found at the wheel in a state of complete collapse. His eyes were glazed and his breath smelled strongly of garlic. At the police station he admitted having eaten a seven-course dinner on top of a six-course luncheon, with a number of snacks in between.

"How much alcohol did you have to drink?" asked the Chairman.

Dreggs replied that he was a teetotaler.

"A man in your position ought to know that it is extremely dangerous to consume large quantities of food without benefit of alcohol," said the Chairman. "If you had drunk half a bottle of decent burgundy with each meal, you would never have found yourself in this disgraceful position."

Dreggs said he had now learned his lesson. He was put on probation for one year.

Man Decorating

by
Larry



CASES IN BRIEF

Three café-keepers were fined £5 each for failing to provide mechanical music with meals. They were reported to the police by Eric Dimble, of Sump Street, a pin-table mechanic, who was congratulated by the Bench on his public spirit.

Accused of parking a vehicle in the roadway instead of on the foot-pavement, Albert Grudge, of Dill Row, explained that the pavement was heavily congested with pedestrians at the time. "The same old excuse," commented the Chairman. "Are you a mouse or are you a motorist?" Grudge was fined £5.

Said to have called the guard to remonstrate with a man who was smoking in a "non-smoking" compartment, Herbert Quint, of Bratby Boulevard, was remanded for seven days for medical observation.



"Ted Dexter's out."

Bellifant

THROUGH all the speech of Bellifant, who is a mighty bore,
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
I hear the winds of Badenoch go sighing through the trees
As Bellifant drones on and on, and I sit at my ease.

While Bellifant is blethering of Communists and kings,
I listen to the inward sounds, the sounds of many things;
I hear from the Summer Islands the Coigach cuckoo call
While Bellifant drones on and on, he who is shunned by all.

I can sit down with Bellifant and hear his empty words,
But louder hear on Cruachan the croaking of the birds;
The nut-brown waters of Strathearn go roaring down the linn
As Bellifant drones on and on, beginning to begin.

He speaks of buses he has missed, and of the times of trains,
While I am hearing in Glen Shiel the drumming of the rains.
Drifts over lonely Liathach the lapwing's aching cry
While Bellifant drones on and on, whom none can bear but I.

— R. P. LISTER



Richie Benaud



Graham McKenzie



Norman O'Neill



Neil Harvey



An Australian's Summer?

by BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

A FEW weeks ago I watched a splendidly exhilarating day's cricket at Lord's (Middlesex v. Northants.) in the company of fifty or so old contemptibles, a team of sparrows and two dozen dirty pigeons. The stands were deserted, bare ruined choirs, and the whole ground, in spite of the lovely green of the field and the slick new paint of the seats and the sight-screen, looked shockingly forlorn. Big cricket, very clearly, was dying. I wondered how the brains of Messrs. Clore or Wolfson would have whirled before this scene, how rapidly they would have calculated the income from a St. John's Wood barbican of 30-storey

blocks of flats and offices, from ten-tier parking lots or a new trading estate. I wondered how long it would be before Lord's baits its customers with Bingo or greyhounds. And wrath rose up in me as I reviewed the incredibly timid attempts made by the authorities over the years to reconstruct the county game in the interests of cricket.

Then the scene changed and I saw Lord's as it will be on June 22, and as Edgbaston will be to-morrow—crowded, overcrowded, bursting at the seams for an Australian Test. There were 90,800 fans at Melbourne on a Saturday in February when Australia met the West Indies in the final Test: there would be at least as many at Lord's and Edgbaston if the grounds could hold them all. Test cricket prospers, and for the moment that is enough.

Benaud's team, the twenty-second set of Australians to invade England, is certain to please. Its blend of adventurous youth and mature swansongsters seems exactly right for putting the lights into brighter cricket. J. H. Fingleton doesn't agree: he thinks that there are too many old men in the

team. "The warrior who has been over the same fields often before," he says, "sometimes loses his zest for the tilt." Well, Harvey and McDonald are thirty-two, Davidson is thirty-one and Benaud thirty, poor Grout and Mackay are almost in their middle thirties, and Manager Webb is actually older still, so I suppose Mr. Fingleton is right. Terrible things are cachexy and senility.

My reading of the prospects is rather different. When elderly English cricketers go on tour they are apt to be much burdened with care to the point of immobility. They are hoping for more fruitful years in the pastures of domestic county cricket, they have their benefits to consider, and they cannot afford to fail. So they bat and bowl warily without employing their full talents and experience, and more often than not they fail. Since the war, failure has marked down most of England's aging tourists—Hammond in 1946-47, Washbrook and Compton in 1950-51, Edrich and Simpson in 1954-55, Bailey and Watson in 1958-9. The Australian dodderer, on the other hand, usually strikes rich on his first drilling overseas. In England, in 1961

Brian Booth



Ian Quick



Walter Grout



Frank Misson



William Lawry



Robert Simpson



been Bradman and Barnes had Test averages of 72.57 and 82.25, in 1953 old Hassett topped the list with 36.5 per innings topped the old averages, and in 1956 the fading Burke and Miller headed the batting and bowling lists. The Australians, you see, can afford to employ their accumulation of skill and expertise in their right footage. They have nothing to lose. They go back to Australia to honourable retirement and if the last pages of their memoirs are the brightest, well, so to much the better. They are not, of course, professionals.

I shall be surprised therefore if Mr. Fingleton's picture of Old Australia is not telling listlessly and unavailingly through the English summer turns out to be accurate. I expect Harvey and McDonald to get a hatful of runs, Mackay to be more of a nuisance than a wicket-keeper, Grout to remain the best wicket-keeper in the world, and the great Davidson to chip in with a few wickets.

Early in May Manager Sydney Webb in no connection with the London School of Economics brought his team to a party at the *Punch* office and I was able to put in a bit of quiet brain-washing on behalf of England. I instructed

Norman O'Neill to persevere with the sweep shot that sometimes costs him his wicket. He replied innocently that he had abandoned it in favour of another shot, barely distinguishable from the stroke under review, but one that *always* makes contact. Colin McDonald was warned about a promising bowler of googlies, and made a gesture to accompany his remark that such stuff was invariably lifted out of the ground into the nearest marshalling yard. I mentioned Statham's extreme fitness, Trueman's rekindled zest, Larner, Barber, the new Lock, even Bailey, but I doubt whether I made more than twenty runs difference to their confidence.

As the summer progresses we shall get to know all seventeen of Benaud's side. Already, after only a few matches, we know that Quick is slow, that Gaunt and Kline aren't what they sound, and that Grout is as good a name for a stumper as was Hazare for an appealing Indian. Davidson we know as a great all-rounder, the equal perhaps of Sobers, and a man whom Benaud will have to nurse very carefully; for Davidson, though immensely strong, goes down like flies whenever plagues or accidents are about. I always consider that my part in the defeat of the 1956 Australians has gone largely unrecognized. It was at Arundel in that year that I kept a polite Davidson chatting in a bitter wind long enough for his health to be undermined. Shortly afterwards, of course, he fractured a fibula, and as a result played in only two Tests, making only eight runs and taking but two wickets. In Australia, however, last winter he took thirty-three West Indies wickets and averaged thirty with the bat.

I am also afraid of Richie Benaud. Since the war leg-spin has been

discouraged in England by legislation offering heavy bonus marks to manipulators of the new ball, by sluggish wickets, and by a creeping frugality in the climate of the game. Lacking practice against first-class leg-break bowling English batsmen must at the moment seem ready prey for a performer of Benaud's control and versatility, and if Benaud tires the redoubtable Simpson is there to support him. The ball turning in to the batsman off the pitch (the off-break) will always be easier to play than the ball that turns away from him, for (wait for it) in the first case the corrective movement of the bat is assisted by gravity, the bat's own weight, while to correct against the leg-break the batsman's wrists have to lift the bat against *g*. And if this sounds too technical I will make arrangements for the greatest leg-spinner of all time, S. F. Barnes of Staffordshire and England, to give a simple public demonstration. The point is that Benaud is a menace and a matchwinner.

If the summer is anything like a summer my guess is that the Australians will win enough Tests to retain the Ashes. And for me at least the summer won't be completely ruined if they do.

Barry Jarman



Colin McDonald



Peter Burge



Kenneth Mackay

Lindsay Kline



Alan Davidson



Ronald Gaunt

English Institutions that Bit the Dust

By SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

2.—There'll Always be an Olde Englande

OLDE Englande was a perfectly lovely place. Most of it was rural and what buildings there were were put up by Alfred, Julius Caesar's Town and Country Planners, Sir Christopher Wren, the Georgian Group and the anonymous local jobbing builder who threw together Anne Hathaway's cottage. In the country there was the Manor House, with boiling hot crumpets on silver trays under the mulberry tree and girls with schoolgirl complexions coming down for the week-end by stage-coach; and the village Inn, where amazingly old rustics, their knees tied up with twine and their beards plaited with stray bits of honeysuckle, sank tankard after tankard of ale and exchanged homespun philosophy, staggered round the maypole for a bit of exercise or thwacked each other with rude bladders in the annual Fertility Rite. In the country the quality, male and female, wore high-gloss boots from dawn to dusk, and the villeins spent dusk to dawn shining them.

Inhabitants of Olde Englande were Kings, Dukes, wise old Parsons, silly old Serfs, Beefeaters, Masters of Foxhounds, Butlers, Nannies, the Lord's Taverners, Pearly Queens and the Brigade of Guards. There was also a small number of itinerant haymakers who wore straw picture-hats and exercised their age-old craft under a Stubbs sky the colour of an Admiral's eyes, the while singing snatches of Olde English folk-songs with fol-lol refrains and dirty double meanings. Druids came in by coach at midsummer and then fled back to the provinces, and witches were humanely burnt according to MCC rules on the first Friday of every month with an R in it. Staple industries included pargeting, straw-plaiting, the manufacture of Cooper's Oxford, and the illegal brewing-up of mead in the bath.

The weather in Olde Englande was immensely predictable. The summers were sub-tropical, and in winter the fog never lifted; it also rained every day. Principal towns were Cheltenham and Mayfair, and in the latter you might catch Mr. Noël Coward and Mr. Michael Arlen singing witty madrigals in a coffee-house. It was always afternoon in Cheltenham and always midnight in Mayfair. The Latin Quarter of Mayfair was called Limehouse, the only place in Olde Englande where cricket was banned on Saturday

afternoons. The Olde English clocks stood at ten to three, boys were put down at birth for Eton and White's and girls exposed on the nearest available mountain. Nobody spoke except to tell the Brigade of Guards to stand at ease. Sex was banned in Olde Englande after the Battle of Trafalgar, and the Crazy Gang gave their first Command Performance under George III.

The Olde English were a proud, patriotic, unexcitable, well-ordered lot, constitutionally well able to withstand the low temperature inside their houses and National Monuments. Their recreations were bear-baiting, cock-fighting, taunting Suffragettes and hiding the names of streets and the numbers and/or names of houses. They made the Grand Tour at an early age and never travelled abroad again except sometimes in extreme old age to sketch the Italian Lakes. They voted at by-elections for King Charles I, and supported the Church of England because it has all the best hymn tunes. The Clergy and the teaching profession had Vocations, and the Black Death immunized the Olde English against practically everything except the common cold for which they drank tea with milk and sugar. The Light Brigade had a special high-protein diet and was stationed at Stonehenge, ever ready to charge at a moment's notice.

The English ate five square meals a day with tea, mulled claret and whisky served at all of them. The main meal of the day was served at 4 p.m. with kippers, fried eggs, peacock pie, rock cakes, muffins, Yorkshire pudding, marrow jam and syllabub. In memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, most English housewives ate a specially starch-reduced baked potato every morning for elevenses and smoked a pipe of tobacco before lugging the wash down to the nearest stream and beating it steadily between two flat stones.

Olde English women despised clothes, and those above the rank of Countess took a vow never to wear anything but the tweed skirt and cashmere jumper in which they were married, the holes cobbled together with excellent diamond brooches



"Do you have any instant money?"



of early Georgian design. Men had all new clothes broken in for them by the peasants, and all really reliable tailors stocked tweed dating back to the Civil War. Olde Englishwomen who had been conditioned early by genuine Tudor nannies sometimes kept fifty or sixty unwashed petticoats hanging in their gigantic wardrobes in memory of Queen Elizabeth I.

Olde English family life was a very beautiful thing, and consisted of so many people that many were mislaid in early youth and turned up later in the Colonies. Really close families rarely spoke, but met every day for prayers, counting of heads, and will-reading. Women who survived had no rights but were perfectly contented making ragwort jelly and home-cooked penicillin for minor ailments. Each household was crammed to bursting with furious and deeply respected animals, well past their heyday, who were later buried in the age-old lawn.

Olde Englande was quite the noblest, quietest, most majestically square thing we ever had, and there's no knowing when it went or where exactly it went to. A sizeable area of England is now called London, with intermittent rural outcrops called Derry and Toms Roof Garden, Barnes Common and Woollands Basement. Culture centres are Leeds, Birmingham, Haworth and Mevagsissey. In London the food is almost exclusively Italian, and the local dialect is San Franciscan. At the three remaining village Inns the jolly ploughboys are technologists and wear cowboy boots only as a gesture to the old traditional notions of rural communities. London amusements include playing dodgems round Hyde Park Corner and watching chickens rotate on spits.

What remains of English folk-art can be run to earth in commercials and prestige advertising copy, fishermen's knits run up according to old traditional designs and worn for country week-ends in Knightsbridge, china ducks flying in V-formation across walls and in the last few gilt-sprayed pottery ladies being hauled along by a brace of wolfhounds.

From being a leisured, folksy, clubable sort of people, the English have become a violent, fully-employed, untogether race, fighting for parking-meters, backing ruthlessly over old ladies, layabouts and toy poodles, and brooding about why the furniture-salesman is nicer to you if you pay by cheque. Leisure is spent in psychotherapy of all kinds, from the full analytic treatment to installing oil-fired central heating and building any number of funny little sheds at the bottom of the lawn. Major insoluble national problems and anxieties are concerned with bad breath, the afternoon tiredness-peak, travel-sickness, a strange sort of thrumming ache at the base of the spine, how to talk and laugh without fear when battling with a mouthful of loosening, dropping and rocking false teeth, and what to do with the seventy-five-shilling electric flexless plugless pencil-sharpener that nobody needs.

There's no actual evidence that the tourists have noticed the change just yet. And as for the English, they went abroad long ago.

**Next Week: The Free Untrammelled Girl
with the English Complexion**



"Fat chance the European Community idea stands when we call folk in the next village ruddy foreigners."

Ah, But You Never Saw Shepard

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

RUSSIA is to ask the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale "to have Major Yuri Gagarin's space trip officially recognized as a record," and personally I couldn't be more delighted to think that events in the upper atmosphere and beyond are being put on a proper footing at last. At this season of the year particularly I always find myself tongue-tied in the company of men discussing whether it was three times or four that Tyldesley made two separate hundreds in one match, and recalling the exact day when Alf Gover bowled four men of Worcestershire with four successive balls. My trouble with cricket records is that I wasn't in at the beginning. Grace took his seventeen wickets in a match thirty-three years before I was born. But space records are different.

I was around when they started. This means that with a little application I shall be able to hold my own with George and Fred when they start sounding off in the saloon bar.

GEORGE: No, no, pardon me, old man. You're thinking of Bylurikov. His double-orbit was in the morning. He was out of his capsule three hours before Phu Tai-pien.

FRED: Oh, well, out of his capsule. But he was floating in the Caspian until the middle of the afternoon. They whipped Phu out of the Tung Hai Sea in time for lunch.

GEORGE: Earth-to-earth times, I'm talking about, not blast-off to recovery. I still say Bylurikov holds the record low time for a double-orbit on a Wednesday. Isn't that so, J.B.?

ME (with quiet authority): Sorry, George.

Borrowdale H. McClurg, Wednesday, April 19, left Cape Canaveral 8.30 a.m., Press Conference, Jacksonville, 9.16 a.m., opening words, "Give me air, boys, I've had nothing but oxygen since breakfast." Height, five foot six, likes honey; hobby, making burglar-alarms.

FRED: Then what gave George and me the idea that—?

ME: You've got your record categories mixed, that's all. Phu and Bylurikov dead-heated for double-orbit time. McClurg was a minute shorter, and did it lying on his stomach and giving a live TV commentary. Frantisek Nejedly equalled the McClurg time, with radio commentary only, but on the first *wet* Wednesday after Easter.

GEORGE: Thanks, J.B. Didn't someone do it on the first wet Wednesday after

Easter, lying on his stomach, giving a TV commentary and knitting a sweater?

ME: A sock. Colonel Bachrach. He was also the first man to drink bottled beer while weightless. He was chosen from sixty-two US Army men with preternaturally strong swallows.

GEORGE: Pedro de Cordello ate canapés two hundred miles up. If I was—
FRED: Shut up, George, let's hear old J.B.

ME: No, no, I can see where Fred's going wrong. Pedro was the first to compose for the guitar while orbiting: nothing important, just a little *malagueña*. Then when he came over here at the request of the Blackpool corporation to switch on the illuminations he played the *malagueña* on Tyne-Tees TV, and when they said "How did you like orbiting?" he said

he'd rather eat canapés. It was one of those jokes that get spread around as facts. As it happens his time wasn't even particularly fast. He's only in the text-books because he was the first man back to be greeted on the recovery ship by his great-grandmother, a Mrs. Ruiz.

GEORGE: Talking of greeting—

FRED: Yes, what about Jean-Paul Letourneau: three ex-wives waiting in a small launch.

GEORGE: And don't forget he was up against competition from the Yanks.

ME: Steady, boys, steady. You're way off course again. Letourneau was the first man to be married in the ionosphere. Mind you, only the Heavyside layer, not the Appleton. But his real achievement was to get up there in a three-seater capsule: he wanted a four-seater, but they couldn't raise

the boost, so the best man had to stay behind. Also, of course, he was the first to do a quadruple-orbit in a top-hat—you'll remember that the boffins had expected it to fold under *g* at about Mach 7, but when he went back into his capsule for it the gloss hadn't even gone off it. The mistake everyone makes is confusing M. and Mme. Letourneau with Mr. and Mrs. Buxton H. Shoemaker, the first couple to be divorced in space. Two orbits and a divorce in twenty-eight minutes, and the ceremony networked on nationwide TV. Now, to the best of my recollection, the first coloured spacewoman to have twins in orbit...

But at this point, if Fred and George feel anything like I do when Roy Plomley comes on, I shall be talking to myself.

The Tango is a Dance of Love

By JANE CLAPPERTON

"CONGRATULATIONS!" said the perfectly strange voice on the telephone. "You have won two wonderful prizes. Wouldn't you like to hear about them?"

"Indeed I should," I heard myself saying brightly; wondering, with that instantaneous suspicion that six weeks in the United States have done so much to foster, just what I was letting myself in for now.

My wonderful prizes, as things turned out, were a course of absolutely free lessons at the Center City Academy of Dancing and an invitation to one of their weekly Fun-Times. "Do you like parties?" the relentlessly chummy voice enquired. "We have wonderful parties every week, where you can get together with your fellow students and form wonderful friendships that will last you all your life."

The chap who writes the script for these frontal assaults on the new telephone subscriber may never make the pages of an anthology of English prose, but he knows his stuff; not that all this is fooling anybody, exactly, but to turn down the two wonderful prizes so euphorically offered requires a blend of churlishness and resolution that few can command, especially late at night

when a weighty factor is the desire to get this lovable chatterbox off the line and go to bed. I hung up at last with a deep sense of foreboding and an appointment with their Miss Carter for the following Tuesday evening. By the time I presented myself at the Academy for my first lesson I was a solid, impacted lump of sales resistance.

The girl behind the desk slid her copy of *Playboy* into a drawer and gave

me a form to fill up: name, address, age, have you ever had dancing lessons before? ("As a child" I wrote, guiltily wondering what Miss Woodhead-Smith would say if she looked down from the gold bar of heaven and saw me now.) Then I was sent over to a sort of Mourner's Bench of white hide to wait for Miss Carter. The posters dotted about weren't specially sedative: "POPULARITY SESSIONS" said one in



"They seek him here—they seek him there!"



"Constable!"

wobbly green caps; "Prelim. Teachings Tues. & Thurs. at 8. Advanced Teaching Tues. at 9." Speculation on how one would assess the student's readiness to be promoted from Preliminary to Advanced Popularity was not only fruitless but downright alarming. I sat there plaiting my fingers into sailor's knots and pondering the larger cosmic problems—like "Why was I born?"—until Miss Carter turned up.

She was an undulant giantess with a mane of black hair and a great many fearfully white teeth, and with the addition of white leather tack and a number on her rump she would have made a spanking Liberty horse. But she was not for me. Mr. Ray, she said with a blinding flash of the snappers, had been assigned to me and would be with me in a minute. Scooping up a weeny Puerto Rican who had been caught in the telephone trawl along with me, she carried him off to learn about quarter-turns; since he barely reached her *balcon* they must have made an interesting couple.

Mr. Ray, when at last he emerged

chortling from a practice room with his arm round the waist of a blushing student, projected Personality with such force as to add to my other fears that of severe radiation burns. He was tall and dark and really pretty awful; he engulfed my hand in a hot soft paw and bawled "Wonderful to have you here, Joanie, I just know you're going to have a wonderful time with us."

The practice room was a bleak little box with a table and two chairs at one end and a great tactless mirror at the other. Getting a firmer grip on my hand Mr. Ray marched me up to the mirror. I took one wincing look at our reflections—me with a nervous simper frozen on my face and one leg, to all appearances, three inches shorter than the other, Mr. Ray flashing and twinkling away like a fountain in the sun—and averted my eyes, so that I was taken by surprise when Mr. Ray grabbed my shoulders and wrenched them back with a crack like a snapped Malacca cane. "Posture," he blared, "is the secret of dancing. Posture and of course rhythm and animation and

warmth. That's your trouble, Joanie, you lack *warmth*; you're not really relaxed." (And no wonder, with a cracked scapula and double dislocation.) "Dancing is not just a matter of the right steps. Now, you're a girl, Joanie, and for a girl dancing is very, very closely bound up with appearance. Always take trouble with your appearance, Joanie. You could be quite an attractive person if you took a little trouble—no, I'm not flattering you."

He glided gracefully two paces to the rear and looked me over. "I'm so glad," he said earnestly, "that you've won this wonderful prize. No, I mean that, I'm really glad, because there is much we can do to help you. Of course these free lessons are only meant to give you an idea of what we do here; but the full course of instruction will really do wonderful things for you; break down that stiffness, all that British reserve—" "Ha-ha" I said dutifully "—develop your self-confidence, improve your appearance, bring that hidden personality of yours into full flowering."

Fascinating though this prospect was, I was beginning to wonder when, if ever, we were going to get to the quick-quick-slow. Mr. Ray, clearly a hot number when it comes to ESP, plucked this thought out of the air.

"You're asking yourself what all this has to do with dancing. Well Joanie, that's very simple; it's all part of Life—getting along with People, developing your personality, learning to relax, all that is part of Life. And Life—well, Life is a Dance, Joanie, isn't that so?"

Then, possibly feeling that he was losing his audience, he switched abruptly to a less rarefied approach. The next few minutes we spent locked in each other's arms and gyrating madly: five steps back, whack into the wall, right wheel, knot the ankles loosely into a double clove-hitch, four steps forward, gash your shin on the chair, a smart canter down the touch-line to gather momentum and whack into the wall again, all this accompanied by "Careless Love" in strict tempo on the gramophone and manic yelps of encouragement from Mr. Ray.

Next there was a brief respite while Mr. Ray noted down a number of damning comments on a little green form. My animation, I read over his shoulder, was only fair, my personality repressed and my balance shaky; and though my natural ability was good, my posture and grace both needed work. After this lowering interlude we returned to the mirror.

"Now we are going to dance the Tango. Did you ever dance the Tango before?"

"In England," I said, stung at last to a feeble protest, "it is considered rather old-fashioned."

"Oh, *England* . . ." He shrugged this off, indicating that while where I came from they were probably too busy sloshing woad over each other to cherish the subtler joys of life, in Philadelphia those in the social swim were practically never seen without a red rose clenched between their teeth. After a few erratic swoops round the room, and a hotly embarrassing manoeuvre that obliged me to prance round Mr. Ray as though he were a maypole, we drew rein again in front of the mirror. Mr. Ray shook his head. "Your posture is just terrible," he mourned. "So stiff. You should

b-e-e-c-n-n-d." Here he laid violent hands on me and, ignoring my whimpers of pain and the protesting creak of outraged vertebrae, forced a considerable kink in my spine.

"Now look," he ordered, panting. "Isn't that better?"

Whatever it was it looked incurable to me, but no doubt he knew best. I was harbouring fell suspicions of a financial arrangement with one of the nine-hundred-odd osteopaths listed in

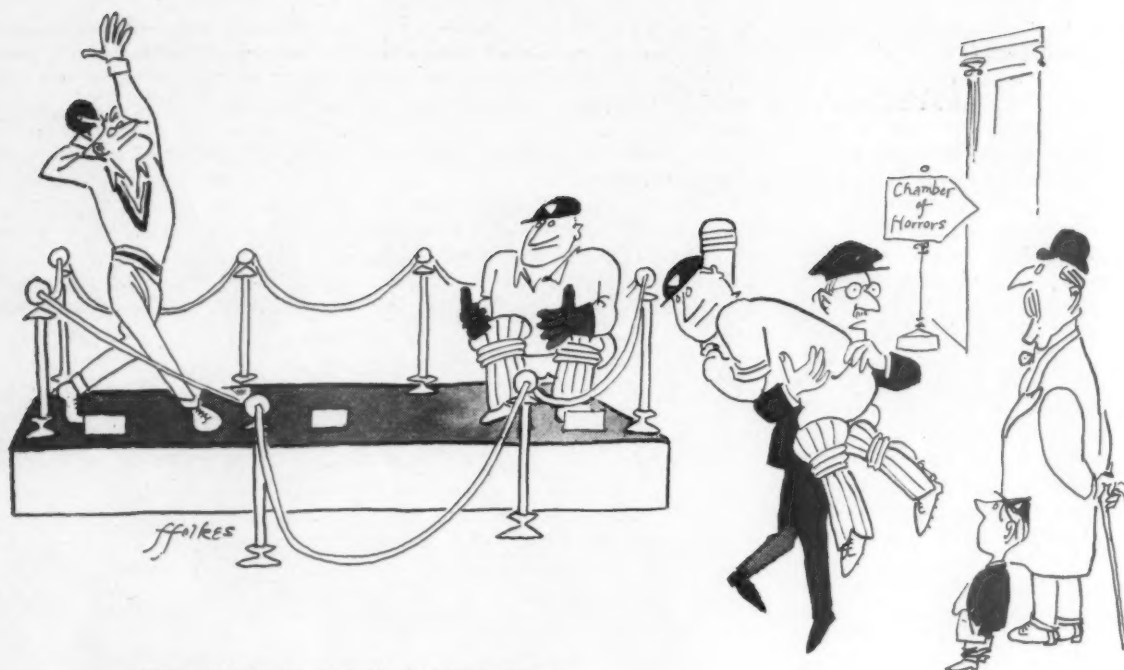
the telephone book when he suddenly clutched me to his bosom and gazed deep into my eyes, which by now were squinting slightly.

"The Tango is a dance of Love," he said, putting masses of expression into it. "Relax, can't you?" Taking this as permission to unravel my discs I straightened up, and was merrily chided for not trying.

We belted round the room again while Mr. Ray, badly gone in the wind



"How are things otherwise?"



"He's lost his place in the batting averages."

but still game, puffed out a string of admonitions to watch that posture, relax, smile, enjoy yourself, pick 'em up, and so forth. At last, when hope was almost dead and travel sickness had set in, he unglued his tanned cheek from the top of my head and let me fall into a chair.

"Well, I guess that's it for now. These free lessons are only half-hours, you see, Joanie: the normal lesson lasts a full hour, and of course these practice rooms are just for beginners. We find that sometimes beginners are a little nervous—can't relax when other people are watching; but later on when you've made some progress—and you'll get on fast, I can tell that—you'll move upstairs to the ballroom where you'll meet some of the nicest people in Philadelphia. You'll make a lot of friends here, you know that? Philadelphia can be a very cold, unfriendly place" (and I don't know why he wasn't struck dead for this foul libel on a city that takes strangers to its heart so enthusiastically they're practically smothered) "but here, at Center City, you will find real, true friendship that will make the whole difference to your life. Remember, Joanie, we're *glad* to have you with us."

On the way out he stood over me

while I weakly made another appointment for Friday; then, with a last cuddlesome grin and a jaunty wave, he slithered off through a door marked *Private*, probably to skim a few refreshing paragraphs of *The Power of Positive Thinking* before setting about the next club-footed prospect on the list.

The next day I wrote a note to the Academy explaining that, while it had all been very interesting and I was madly grateful, it just so happened that I was being sent on an assignment to Alaska on Friday morning and didn't know when I'd be back. Mr. Ray rang me up the following night.

"I was so *sorry* to hear you're going away. No I mean that, I'm really sorry, because there is such a lot we can do for you. But you just call me the minute you get back, and we'll have you all fixed up in no time. And Joanie!"

"Yes, Mr. Ray?" I said.

"I want you to practice that Tango posture. Just a few minutes morning and evening in front of the mirror; and you really practice it, understand? Because I'll know if you haven't been practising, I'll be able to tell right away. So you just stick with it."

Only one thing can happen to spoil

Mr. Ray's beguiling vision of me twirling round and round an igloo, bent dizzily backwards from the hips and scaring the hell out of the eskimos, and that will be if I bump into him on Chestnut Street. But life in the New World is a hazardous business at best, and one can't provide for everything.

BLACK MARK . . . No. 6

. . . for ladies who, offered seats on crowded trains, decline with "It's quite all right, thank you," or (a favourite) "I'm getting out at the next station." Some, affecting not to hear, turn away and read advertisements about how to get rich through building societies. These ladies can have no inkling of the moral and often physical effort involved in a man's calling attention to himself by struggling to his feet and making a gesture which he already feels may be a little sissy these days. The least they can do is to play their part by taking the seat. What if they *are* getting out at the next station? Can't they take the weight off their great big clumsy feet for a minute or two, anyway?

Integrated Pulp

By FRANK DOBBS

SHEFFIELD University is to appoint a Research Fellow to look into the quality of secondary school text-books. Good luck to him: it'll make a change from reading novels about class-conscious Yorkshiremen. Of course, he'll have to dress it all up in a lot of statistics, but I suppose what the poor Fellow is really after is the ideal text-book, the one that will make all others look like kids' stuff—well, you know what I mean. Personally, I wouldn't have thought it needed research so much as a blast furnace and a fresh start. Let me dip in the English stock cupboard.

This looks promising—*Essays by Modern Masters*. True the masters are all dead but "modern" is a relative term, and I see from the publishers' catalogue that the book seems to be doing well. So is the sequel first put out in 1934, *More Essays by Modern Masters*, which for the really up-to-date youngster has some early Priestley.

On page one, Hilaire Belloc kicks off:

"The other day as I was taking my pleasure along a river called 'The River of Gold,' from which one can faintly see the enormous mountains which shut off Spain from Europe, as I walked, I say, along the Maille, or ordered and planted quay of the town, I heard, a long way off, a man singing."

Now I don't want to decry Belloc—these modern authors are so touchy about criticism!—but you can see he wasn't at home in the pace of modern life with its hustle and bustle of the short sentence.

That singing chap, the mainstay of the piece, is reined back through yards of doodling, and finally let loose with a kind of reluctant sigh. One hears Belloc sizing up his public: "They've no mechanical entertainments, G.K. They like reading. Why not use delaying tactics—make 'em think the party's going on for ever?" Fair enough at the dawn of the century, but I can't see the young tyros of Sheffield taking it to their bosoms. Or this:

"His singing was of that very deep and vibrating kind which Gascons take for natural singing, and which makes one think of hollow metal and of well-tuned bells, for it sounds through the air in waves; the farther it is the more it booms, and it occupies the whole place in which it rises."

In other, and terser words: "Real cool!" Mind you, when I reach further into the stock cupboard, I begin to see—faintly, as Belloc might have said—light. Have a look at this

book of English test papers, for example:

"Compose a sentence containing clauses in the following order: a main clause; a noun clause complement; an adverbial clause of time; a noun clause object."

For any schoolboy with this kind of problem on his plate, I'd recommend *Essays by Modern Masters* as vital bedside reading. I know someone who could have tackled it, heedless of hollow metallic boomings going on in the neighbourhood, standing, yes, standing I say, in the Maille, on his head.

I'm not so sure about this next question, though, calling for precise descriptions of a few simple words and phrases, like: "ardent bibliophile," "niggardly patrimony," "heaping calumny," "hircine," "hydroponics," "wafture," "nonplussed."

Well, I know what nonplussed means,



"Whatever you do, Frisby, don't show fear!"

THEN AS NOW

There is much talk, led appropriately by the Royal Society of Arts, of holding a new Festival of Britain ten years after the last one. We'll have to hurry to do even as well as the Great Exhibition of 1861, which opened only a year late.



MRS. BRITANNIA. "OH, THANK YOU, MR. BULL, VERY MUCH! I CAN'T THINK IT QUITE SO PRETTY AS THE ONE YOU GAVE ME ELEVEN YEARS AGO."

MR. BULL. "HM! P'RHAPS NOT, DEAR MADAM—BUT YOU SHOULD SEE INSIDE!"

but before I'm stricken with a wafture of hydroponics, let me turn to more recent adverts in the text-book world. Here's an advance copy from a series of very young children's classics in the form of "radio" plays:

Narrator: "This is the story of a gay and lovable little girl, who brings sunshine and happiness wherever she goes—and who even restores to health Clara, the invalid child to whom she was friend and companion."

Did I, dear friends and companions, detect a hint of patronizing, over-idealizing, there? Ah well, if our Research Fellow is an experienced educationist, he'll plump for stories that "integrate the child's daily life into the context." Everybody knows that, imaginatively speaking, the modern child's day begins by his being kidnapped at gun point by a sinister stranger with an idiomatic twang.

To show you what I mean, I've been doing some integrating myself, not primarily for the benefit of the Senate of Sheffield University, though if they feel like indulging in a little niggardly patrimony, say on the lines of an Honorary Degree, they're welcome to what follows.

The Great Text-book Robbery

Young Herbert Twite sang as he did his sums. How was he to know that his

teacher was already a bag of nerves because of the researcher who was coming to collect the school text-books that morning? "Isn't it enough that I have to put up with one ardent bibliophile of a herbert, without having two of you?" said the teacher, an angry look spreading over his usually gentle and hircine features.

The researcher arrived, and Herbert spent the morning shifting stacks of verbosity out to a van in the yard. But he was growing suspicious. The visitor's habit of talking from the side of his mouth to the van-driver, surely he hadn't picked that up in the ordered and planted quay of a university town?

The driver laughed: "Listen, Jake, I've been giving this guff the once-over. As loot, it's only good for pulp!"

So that was it, thieves and impostors who'd seen that advertisement for a researcher, and were impersonating him to rob the schools! He caught his breath, but the impostors heard him. Jake took out his revolver. "Get in the van, son!" he snarled, giving his twisted sense of humour full play by adding "Browse through a few Modern Masters while we decide your future."

Herbert thought quickly. "You don't really think I'd split, do you? It would mean all these books coming back to the classroom."

Jake grinned. "You're making sense, son, but one double-cross, and we'll catch up with you and make you read the lot!"

Shuddering at his narrow escape, Herbert ran. "Maybe we could use a smart lad like you," Jake shouted after him, but Herbert was out of sight. He was much too smart a lad to want to miss his teacher's expression when the real text-book researcher arrived and started heaping calumny.

Accountancy

THERE are too many currencies; that kiss
To him was chicken feed, to her was gold.
Too many sweet words spent like petty cash
With so much telling, and so little told.

Her income trickles in from other sources,
He's just a bonus, not earned inch by inch,
But can he pay the income tax on her
Come April next, and never feel the pinch?

And is the whole transaction marks or sterling
Or just a traveller's cheque on the world's banks?
And will the poor girl work it out in dollars
When all the while his fixed idea was francs?

So no blank cheques, my darling, write it out
In words and figures, so that if it bounce
There's no hard feelings, born of loving words
That sounded like a pound, and weighed an ounce.

— PENELOPE HUNT

Essence of Parliament

PARLIAMENT resumed after Whitsun on Tuesday and the result of the opening day's play was perhaps to give the Government first innings but not bonus points. The Opposition had come back all prepared to cry halloo at Ministers for their doings in Kenya and in Madrid, but their attacks did not amount to much. Mr. Macleod stood by the statements of his fairly faithful Achates, Mr. Hugh Fraser, in Kenya, and there was no budging him. It takes abler men than those who adorn the present front opposition bench to budge Mr. Macleod when he is not in budging mood. As for Mr. Butler and his post-prandial observations on Madrid, Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Butler are formidable partners when they are both batting on the same side. Mr. Macmillan was not giving anything away. There was really nothing in what Mr. Butler had said. It was a storm in a tea-cup—if not in a wine-glass. The country was already bored with the whole business. Mr. Healey asked too many questions anyway. Mr. Butler was smiling by his side, for the first time perhaps in his life enjoying jokes which somebody else was making. Asked by Mr. Driberg whether he would publish in Hansard the full text of Mr. Butler's speech, Mr. Macmillan bent down and indulged in a lengthy confabulation with his colleague, then straightening himself announced with a broad grin that that was unfortunately impossible since Mr. Butler had only written his impromptu notes on the back of the menu and had afterwards lost them. The two Ministers beamed, and two Ministers beaming is in these days a rare sight. Mr. William Hamilton tried to drag up the old chestnut about Franco being a Christian gentleman to which Sir Kenneth Pickthorn who had heard that one before ejaculated "Oh, shut up." Mr. Hamilton invited him to step outside where he would shut him up. It was not a high level of repartee. The Opposition did not score many runs in all that.

On the other hand when the Government went in to bat, they did only marginally better. The subject was the subsidy to the Cunarder, and the weakness of the Government case was that its expressed support from its own back benches was almost confined to two Members, Mr. Burden and Mr. John Howard, of whom the former had a business interest to declare and the latter a constituency interest. Mr. Burden behaved most properly, declaring his interest and defining exactly what it was, and Mr. Shinwell who was in his most bubbling and least attractive mood, did his case no good by the unwarrantable violence of his attack on Mr. Burden and by the unbroken mutterings which emerged from him throughout all the rest of the evening and which for all I know are emerging still. Yet there was no concealing the fact that the Government's action was not popular with its own back-benchers. There were abstentions.

Keeping the Ship Afloat

There were critical speeches—as from Mr. Deedes—and Mr. Paul Williams even went so far as not only to speak but even to vote against the Government. Others had pressing engagements to dine out and the Government's majority on division was down to a measly forty.

Rating and Valuation did not sound very thrilling fare for the Lords to open up with on Wednesday nor indeed was it in general, but it produced at least a hint from Lord Hailsham that something might be done to help learned societies with their rates—which will encourage those who borrow at the London Library to live a little longer in hope. In the Commons there was a strange and sentimental scene when Mr. Ramsden announced that the Vickers machine gun was going to stay in service with the regular army until 1965 and with the Territorials for even longer. It might have been a favourite family butler refusing to retire for the enthusiasm with which it was greeted. Colonel Bromley-Davenport roared his approval like a bull. Mr. Ramsden with a tear in his eye paid a tribute to "this extremely good gun." Mr. Mayhew from the front opposition bench wished it many years of happy and useful life. In contrast what a cad was Mr. Grimond to bring it up that when he joined the Forfar Yeomanry in 1939 they were told that the Vickers was out of date and would be scrapped within a few months. Hitlers may come and go, A-bomb give place to H-bomb, but Vickers, it seems, goes on for ever. Mr. Grimond suggested that some of those who supported Vickers did not know very much about it. He doubted if they had ever stripped one in their lives. But this was going too far. The fellow was becoming positively indecent. "Withdraw, withdraw," shouted the outraged Tories.

After that a debate on apprentices did not quite come off. "Everybody is working overtime producing labour-saving devices," thought Mr. Frederick Lee. The debate was notable for two excellent maiden speeches—from Mr. Robertson on the Labour side and from Miss Quennell for the Tories. Mr. Robertson complained of firms who poached apprentices that other firms had trained, and Miss Quennell, who felt like Alice after she had eaten the shrinking cake, thought that five-year apprenticeships were too long and that one year at a technical college would do more good.

Thursday's Finance Bill did not promise much for the satirist's pen, but one never knows. It provided two splendid scenes. The first was Mr. Harold Wilson's offer to the Chancellor of a ride in his "small car" through the otherwise stationary London traffic. He promised that the Chancellor would be amazed at the skill with which Mr. Wilson nipped in and out of the gathering mass. The journey would be worth seeing, the conversation worth recording. The other came up on the debate on Mr. Murchison's amendment from the Socialist front bench to reject the increased rates of taxation on farmers' vehicles. Mr. William Hamilton objected—and objected "to my hon. friends putting down amendments supporting an industry when politically we do not get very much of it." The House was a gorgeously Batemanesque study. There was an incredulous "Oh." Members looked at one another with a wild surmise. What would happen next if Members were going to say such things in public? There was once a Member known as "Single-speech Hamilton." I think that some of Mr. Hamilton's Socialist colleagues were wishing that he would compete for that title.

— PERCY SOMERSET



MR. EMANUEL SHINWELL



Share Auctions

THE Stock Exchange Council is receptive of new ideas—and evidently reads the right papers. It was suggested in Lombard Lane a few weeks ago that the absurdities of hundredfold and hundred-and-fifty-fold subscriptions for new issues of shares called for new techniques, one of which might be the methods of the open tender. This is to be tried in one experimental, pilot plant operation by the merchant bankers, Kleinwort Benson.

The stags will deplore this venture—but no undue tears need be shed on their behalf. If we believe in the market mechanism, the discipline of the “right price” should be applied from the start of dealings in a share and that is from the moment at which they are offered to the public. The best judge of that “right price” is no doubt the fellow who is prepared to put up the cash. Let him perform that valuable function by putting in his own tender for the new shares on offer.

That may prevent many hardworking stags making a quick profit between the price at which they (or their imaginary relatives and household pets) successfully apply for new shares and that at which they can sell when dealings begin. On the other hand it will avert the arrant nonsense and injustice that have attended some recent issues where the vendors must kick themselves for having got rid of some of their shares at the price of issue: to wit, Centrovincial Estates issued at 14s. now up to 29s; Gwent & West of England up from 7s. 9d. to 35s.; Penguins up from 12s. to 20s.

In the case of Penguins there have been recent rumours of American buying, preparatory to a take-over bid. This story has been emphatically denied. This firm is not like other “paper backs,” two of which, in Britain, have recently fallen under American control. Sir Allen Lane and family trusts hold nearly

seventy per cent of the capital. That looks safe enough.

The boisterous welcome that has been given to some recent new issues is part of the general buoyancy of the market in ordinary shares, the obverse of which has been a very sad and dreary state of affairs in the gilt-edged market. The pressure on sterling and the latest overfull employment figures have caused a definite waning of hopes of a lower Bank rate. The investment sentiment therefore is still against fixed interest securities and favours equities.

The advance in ordinary shares can in many cases be supported by solid evidence of increased business. Among the good news which has come from the British Trade Fair in Moscow is the placing of a £4 million order for a new nylon plant with one of the large and varied Vickers family. The Vickers' chairman has also announced that another big project for a synthetic rubber plant in Russia is being negotiated.



The Thirsty Grass

WHEN I was cutting my hay this year, I noticed that the crop was very much thicker in a strip down one side of the field. We could hardly put the mower through it. At first I thought the reason was that the piece of ground had been given a double dose of nitro chalk in the early spring. But when I questioned the men, they all denied negligence or generosity and reminded me that exactly the same strip was just as thick last year.

“Maybe there used to be an old bank down that part of the field?” one of them suggested, knowing that the humus from an old hedge could account for the discrepancy in the weight of the crop.

But that wasn't the case. And after we'd had the hay baler in, I observed that the grass in this strip was growing

Vickers have also been in the market news lately by their move to place with City institutions about one and a half million shares of the large holding they have in International Computers and Tabulators. The shares have been placed at 95s. and this operation will thus yield about £7 million. This will be available for the capital requirements of the group, including the reduction of its bank overdraft. Vickers are losing about two and a quarter per cent current income from the ICT shares and, since they are probably paying over five per cent on their bank overdraft, this is very good business.

The readiness with which the ICT shares have been taken up by large City institutions shows how favourably these professional investors look to the growth prospects of this company. It is in the van of technical advance in the making of electronic brains and other such devices. Vickers will still retain a very large interest in the company—and rightly so.

— LOMBARD LANE

* * *

up again twice as fast as in the rest of the field.

I soon discovered the cause of this fertility by digging a trench across it—and coming across the copper water pipe which runs from the ram down in the stream to the drinking troughs in the field. The pipe had several leaks in it—not sufficient to cut off the water supply, but enough to double the weight of the crop above it. I decided not to mend the leaks. Indeed, I am now wondering whether it would not pay me to lay other leaking pipes beneath the field and step up the pumping unit.

I put this question to one of the agricultural colleges. They replied that one inch of rainfall or irrigation per acre increases the yield of grass by ten per cent. And that experiments have shown that if a crop of grass, kale or roots are given ten inches of water during the spring their yield is doubled.

From this it would seem that we should begin to emulate the Japanese, who spend less on fertilizers than we do but twice as much on irrigation. It's not that we don't get rain, but it seldom falls just when the crops need it.

— RONALD DUNCAN

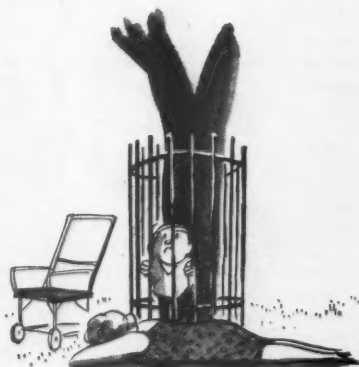
☆

“Space research is one subject where discoveries can still be made cheaply and with simple apparatus.”—*New Scientist*

Well, the Blue Streak's going cheap now.



SUNDAY IN THE PARK



CRITICISM



AT THE PLAY

The Merchant of Venice (OLD VIC)

Dazzling Prospect (GLOBE)

The Bird of Time (SAVOY)

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE at the Old Vic is agreeably honest and free of the tricks with which modern producers confuse and clutter Shakespeare. Peter Potter has marshalled it so that the story moves swiftly and the verses are well spoken, and Felix Kelly's Venetian perspectives and Rosemary Vercoe's mid-eighteenth-century dresses are delightful.

The key parts, Shylock and Portia, are taken with distinction by Robert Harris and Barbara Leigh-Hunt. Mr. Harris gives us a memorable Shylock of great dignity whose depth of hatred and

embitterment seems almost to burn him up. He is allowed to go so far as to poise his knife over Antonio's chest, in a very tense and exciting moment; he is never a figure of jest, and we are a little sorry for him in his crushing defeat, as I think we should be. Miss Leigh-Hunt, whose improvement has been steady, is admirably suited to Portia. She is tall, graceful and a wit; she makes us feel it would have been fun to be a guest at Belmont, and she commands the court scene easily with a naturalness from which theatrical mannerisms are absent.

It has never occurred to me before to wonder how many of Portia's maids Shakespeare intended to be in on the secret of the caskets; if all of them, as appeared here from the knowing looks on their faces, it was surely a heavy security risk. Either they were very

loyal, or none of the princes had thought of speculating a few thousand ducats on a hot tip. But clearly Rosemary Dunham's spirited Nerissa is above suspicion.

Support is good. George Baker's Antonio is an elegant grandee of probity and courage, Michael Meacham and John Stride make Bassanio and Gratiano lively company, Nicholas Meredith's Prince of Arragon is amusingly a bore, and Job Stewart's Launcelot Gobbo delightfully rubber-faced and the only one I can remember who wears a Leander tie.

Dazzling Prospect is by M. J. Farrell and John Perry, who wrote *Spring Meeting*. It is a much thinner comedy, and on the first night was booed by a gallery ungrateful for the splendours of Margaret Rutherford, who is on stage nearly all the time, once more Aunt Bijou, the eccentric Irish great-aunt with a passion for horses. In spite of the shortcomings of the play, no one who collects Miss Rutherford can afford to miss this performance. Asked why she has to have soft biscuits, she replies it is because she is getting a little deaf. She insults the awful people who have put money into the family farm, and is unpredictably a terror, loved by nearly all. Determined that her favourite nephew, an appalling rider, shall win the big race at the local meeting, she shams illness to get some pep pills that have proved their worth by gingering a beatnik into making her bed, and although there is a weekly limit of five shillings on her bets she manages to put on enough money with an old racing pal in London to save the farm. The results of her meddling are nearly calamitous. It is not what she does but how she does it that matters. Her form of comedy is unique. At one moment gobbling like a turkey, at the next resisting suspicion with the bland innocence of a baby, her timing is a miracle.

She is not quite the whole evening, for Dermot Kelly is good as a deadpan Irish farmhand and so is Hazel Hughes as a slatternly Irish maid. But Joyce Carey and Richard Leech have very dull and uphill parts, and in the end it is chiefly Miss Rutherford one remembers.



Wilfred Gantry—CLIVE MORTON

Mrs. Gantry—GLADYS COOPER

[The Bird of Time

The Bird of Time, a first play by Peter Mayne, nearly rings the bell. It fails, although Mr. Mayne writes good dialogue and can make his characters live, because after carefully preparing an explosive situation he gives us only a few squibsworth of drama. We had been led to expect a much bigger convulsion, and we feel cheated.

Gladys Cooper and Clive Morton are Poonasque relics of the British Raj, who have lived all their lives in India and are now retired in suburban splendour to a houseboat in Kashmir. Their marriage is unhappy, and nearly came adrift in its early days over a dashing Irish major; in a much more modest boat, moored, to Mrs. Gantry's fury, next door, is a Eurasian dressmaker who had briefly been the major's mistress until a letter from Gantry to his colonel had removed him from the district. She is a pathetic creature, living in her memories of the past, and kidding herself that he will come back; whereas she keeps up the pretence that England is home, her young daughter by him is defiantly proud of her Indian blood.

Pressure from the Chinese is building up on the border, and a British officer is sent from Delhi to evacuate the British colony. All these people are fairly conventional characters; more interesting is the Indian High Commissioner, a civilized and tolerant man, ex-ICS, who admits the benefits of British rule and tries to be fair to both sides.

In the end, by which I was not convinced, the Gantrys decide to stay on alone, and the only excitement that comes out of all this are the two short scenes in which the Gantrys have a showdown over their marriage and the letter about the major, which is overheard by the Eurasian, and in which she and Mrs. Gantry get down to brass tacks. Neither scene is big enough to rock the houseboat more than slightly.

The part of Mrs. Gantry sadly starves Miss Cooper of comedy, but she establishes her as a bitchy woman, stiff-necked and bitter. Diana Wynyard has more scope with the Eurasian, and is sometimes touching. Mr. Morton is good as the kindly Blimp, and the High Commissioner is played with great intelligence by Marne Maitland. John Bown and Jean Marsh are the young lovers, Miss Marsh suggesting very effectively that there is nothing to be ashamed of in mixed blood. Allan Davis gives the play a sympathetic production, and Hutchinson Scott provides the Gantrys with a houseboat to which anyone would be glad to retire.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Return to Peyton Place

Macbeth

The Secret Partner

THE question about *Return to Peyton Place* (Director: Jose Ferrer) is: does one admit having been entertained? Plenty of people will work out



(Return to Peyton Place)

Roberta Carter—MARY ASTOR

Allison MacKenzie—CAROL LYNLEY

Lewis Jackman—JEFF CHANDLER

their opinion from the description: it's glossy, commercial, best-sellerish, melodramatic, sensational, adapted from the sequel to a similar novel that has become a byword—obviously no one with any serious claim to taste ought to admit having paid more than the most cool and disdainfully amused attention to it. This will be enough for those people (I'm not counting the many thousands who will uncritically love it), and they will manage to convince themselves that they sat through its two hours feeling nothing but derisive contempt or irritated boredom. Well, I know I didn't. Recognizing it as slick, superficial, trivial, commercially angled to please a large and predominantly feminine audience, I still found it remarkably entertaining.

It begins where *Peyton Place* left off, as the advertisements point out; they add an exclamation-mark, hoping you will infer that it's even more sensational about the sins of small-town life, but in fact it's much less so and the statement is to be taken literally. The book which in the other film was being written by Allison (Carol Lynley—all the players are different this time) is accepted for publication, and the one of the three or four interwoven plots that I found most entertaining concerns the way a masterful New York publisher (Jeff Chandler) works with her on the "editing" of it and promotes it into a best-seller and her into a celebrity. All this is interesting, convincing, often amusing, and calculated to make English authors feel very grateful that they're allowed to write their own books.

But the main point of the picture is the

trouble the book causes in Peyton Place. It is an autobiographical novel full of the girl's relatives and acquaintances very thinly disguised, and the publisher's chief aim seems to have been to get her to make the disguise even thinner: "warts and all" would be putting it mildly. "The most important single factor in writing is honesty," he says—but one can't help wondering what his legal department thought. The climax is a "town meeting" at which, after passionate and self-revelatory argument by several of the principal characters, it is decided that the book is not, after all, obscene. The hypocritical elders who wanted to ban it are defeated, two or three pairs of young people are reconciled, and all ends happily (with the conventional dying fall as the young authoress, who had been in love with the publisher, sadly realizes that he is quite happy with his wife). In short—empty, but entertaining; and visually (CinemaScope De Luxe photography: Charles G. Clarke) often very attractive.

As for *Macbeth* (Director: George Schaefer) . . . it would be a very good performance on the stage for which it was written. But what I said last week about film adaptations applies still more to Shakespeare than to any modern play. Dialogue written for the theatre, even so-called naturalistic, non-poetic dialogue, has—has deliberately been given—a quality that removes it to some degree from realism and fits it for the conventions of the stage: it is meant to make its effect together with them, and assumes in the audience a conscious or

unconscious adjustment to artificiality. A production like this *Macbeth*, where the Scottish exteriors and interiors are made as convincing as possible and every care has obviously been taken to get the costume details right, is split down the middle. Of the two ways to appreciate it, each is killed by the other. Either we tune in, as it were, to the wavelength of Shakespeare and enjoy the performance as poetic drama, which is impossible because the apparent reality of the people and circumstances is too distracting, or we try to feel that we are really on the spot listening to real people, which is impossible because real people wouldn't talk like this.

Is this an argument against filming Shakespeare at all except in some entirely non-naturalistic way? Yes, it is. Several writers have disparagingly recalled Orson Welles's *Macbeth* ten years ago, but I'll admit I think that was more successful. (This seems to be honesty week.)

The plot of *The Secret Partner* (Director: Basil Dearden) may be a too-ingenuous puzzle with several weak spots, but the film comes over as an effective little surprise-ending crime story. It has a good deal of excellent detail, and it's a real film, often giving one the sort of pleasure that only the film can give. A summary of the story would no doubt make you guess the solution even earlier than I guessed it, though when a picture is well and entertainingly made even *knowing* how it ends can't spoil one's enjoyment. Enough to say that the central character (Stewart Granger), a partner in a London shipping firm, is for many good reasons suspected of having stolen a fortune from his own office safe, and the story alternates between the police investigations and his efforts to prove his innocence. The script (David Pursall and Jack Seddon) and direction make the whole thing perpetually fresh and interesting, notably the sheer mechanics of police work (Bernard Lee very good as the Super). All told, an unpretentiously good whodunit, good enough to entertain even without its puzzle.

— RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE TOURNAMENT

The Royal Tournament (EARLS COURT)

THIS year's Tournament is a cosy metropolitan affair with never a dark complexion to be seen among the sturdy pink faces of the Navy, the Army and the Air Force, unless you count the camouflaged visages of the Parachute Regiment, gaily smudged with black to conceal their approach as they drop to the arena from a notional Beverley. This is not so much an index of the shrinkage of the British Commonwealth as a reflection of the cost of transporting troops to Earls Court from those remote fastnesses on which the

sun never used to set and perhaps even to-day only does so with a sigh of regret for the former glories of the Empire.

The accent seems to be moving from the ceremonial to the realistic as the years go by. I suppose there was a time when the inter-port field-gun competition was realistic, and I dare say the musical rides and the musical drives as well; to-day they are as elegantly formal as a morris dance, though a great deal more stimulating to look at. The three big set-pieces this year are provided by the Commandos, the Parachute Regiment and the Air-Sea-Mountain Rescue department of the RAF. The Commandos' display, in which they scale the walls of Earls Court to blow up a bridge and then slide down a cable in a variety of light-hearted poses, is as exciting as ever.

The Parachute Regiment enrich the proceedings with falls from the ceiling; and the RAF (who, it appears, spend more time rescuing rash civilians from danger at public expense than they ever do succouring their own comrades) demonstrate in spotlit detail how they would go about retrieving the crew of an aeroplane, two of whom had fallen into the sea and one into the roof of the Earls Court hall. Their air-sea rescue launch, mocked-up on a Land-Rover out of scrap at a cost of exactly nothing to public funds, is a real masterpiece.

As usual, the Navy has come up with something totally unexpected, a demonstration of cutlass drill and hornpipe-dancing, in nineteenth-century rig. As with everything the Navy presents, it was carried out faultlessly, and without the least sign of embarrassment on the part of the young ratings involved.

Finally there is a PT display by the fantastically lithe instructors of the RAF; and then the show is concluded by the massed bands of the same service. There were only seventeen trombones when they played "Seventy-Six Trombones"; but the missing, fifty-nine could hardly be noticed.

The Tournament runs until June 17.

— B. A. YOUNG

ON THE AIR

Solemn Cinema

LEAVING the pleasantries of mere entertainment in the capable hands of Robert Robinson the BBC deals with the pictures as an art-form in *The Cinema To-day*. In its two years' existence the programme has brought us films and film-makers from all over the world and has kept up a Monitorial standard of intelligent television. In pursuing their avowed intent of ensuring full recognition of the cinema's highest artistic achievements, the production team has generally kept itself commendably down to earth. This has been no mean feat since the world of the serious cinema creeps with precious values and bearded points of view. Just occasionally a long-haired atmosphere has crept in and the breath of the

commentator has been uncomfortably bated by scenes Swedish, sombre and symbolic. We may, when studying such as Bunuel, have sometimes been given rather too much of the verbal man and too little of his visual works. But, all in all, the series has shown us many fine things of which we were unaware and has pointed the banality of American and British cinematic conventions.

The first programme in its latest series, *Nothing Sacred*, was a most diverting examination of off-beat humour in the cinema. The selections of satire and *comédie noire* were nicely contrasted and Derek Prouse linked them smoothly in his engagingly sinister manner.

If you happen to live in York or Hovingham and are wanted by the police you'd be well advised to keep your face indoors on Thursday. If you come out into the daylight it's even money you'll be on television. Advance publicity tells me that there will be forty-one TV cameras covering the Royal Wedding—twenty-one from ITV and twenty from BBC—and I doubt if there'll be any cranny safe from their telescopic eyes. With cameras on every crenellation the crews will have to be careful they don't spend their time photographing each other. Each side is having a roving eye vehicle to cruise through the streets and interview onlookers. I hope they know the needle streets of York; if the two roving eyes meet half-way down the Shambles it may take the rest of the week to get them out.

The two teams will total about 500 officials and technicians. The total population of Hovingham is only 663. Doesn't all this seem like avoidable waste of men, money and equipment? Why don't the Commercial and Corporation efficiency-mongers get together and make a saving of a score of cameras and 200 technicians by agreeing to cover events such as Royal Weddings on a joint basis? If all the ITV companies can combine why can't the BBC join in? After all, they are spending public money; the ITV people only add their expenses to the price of detergents.

Christopher Mayhew's past enquiries into matters of religion have always been conducted with a sensitive honesty and his recent programme *What's A Saint?* (BBC), though clumsily titled, maintained this atmosphere. His subject was St. Theresa of Avila and he examined the question of whether the accepted saintly marks of inner voices and revelatory visions are psychotic symptoms or divine attributes. The finest feature was the superb reading by Dame Flora Robson from the writings of the Saint. Her crystal diction fitted to perfection the dignified humility of the words. The photography of the Spanish scene did not match up to the standard of her commentary and the episode as a whole lacked the compulsion of Mayhew's earlier essays into theology.

— PATRICK RYAN

BOOKING OFFICE

THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD

By VIOLET POWELL

Weeds and Aliens. Sir Edward Salisbury.
Collins, 30/-

Flowers Through the Ages. Gabriele
Tergit. *Wolff, 25/-*

SIR EDWARD SALISBURY is the former director of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, which might lead one to suppose that his attitude towards weeds would be of the greatest severity. Nothing could be further from the truth, as he begins by telling us that he first became interested in weeds fifty years ago and since then he has grown a large proportion of the species dealt with in *Weeds and Aliens*. The study of these delinquents of garden and field has led him in many cases to feel an almost affectionate admiration for their efficiency and success as plants.

To begin near the beginning we find chickweed in Palaeolithic times and bindweed as a plague of the Neolithic Age. On the other hand ground elder, scourge of the modern garden, was prized in Roman Britain both as a pot herb and medicinally. Incidentally Sir Edward considers that the sandalled feet of the Roman legionaries must have made ideal catchments for the dispersal of aliens. Indeed the story of dispersal is a fascinating one, changing as methods of transport, or even fashions in clothes, change. The author, for example, has raised over 300 plants, including twenty species of weeds, from seeds collected in the turn-ups of a pair of trousers worn for a walk round a farm at seed-time. Modern methods of cleaning seed-corn have reduced the number of pretty cornfield weeds that were formerly sown involuntarily among the seeds. Shakespeare, Sir Edward points out, refers to "The Cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, which we ourselves have ploughed for, sow'd and scattered," though the cornfield weeds still prevalent are much the same as those listed in 1809. Also historically interesting are the maps which show the spread of such weeds as the Oxford ragwort, though Sir Edward makes a slip in referring to it as a native of Sicily nourished by volcanic ash from Vesuvius. This is a very minor point in a book packed with valuable information,

and containing wise words of warning on the indiscriminate use of herbicides, which nowadays are considered a threat to birds as well as to wild flowers. Among medicinal herbs that have grown scarcer Sir Edward mentions pennyroyal, "which had a reputation of very doubtful validity as an abortifacient." This sinister reputation persisted till the 1880s in North Oxfordshire according to Flora Thompson, who describes the herb as being popular among the wives of "Larkhill" although the number of their children might have made them sceptical.

Flowers Through The Ages (translated from the German) is a very different book, both botanically and spiritually, but it is also animated with a love and respect for flowers. Beginning with the paeonies of China and the Lotus of Ancient Egypt, Mr. Tergit takes his readers along a sweet-smelling path through the centuries, supplying a commentary composed of history, legend and botany.

The Empress Josephine, a garden lover who has not perhaps had the renown she deserves in this country, is here given her due. Her garden at Malmaison was a centre for gardeners and botanists, where her interest in her collection of roses inspired growers to experiments which give joy even to this day. The British Admiralty gave orders that seeds for Malmaison, if

taken in a prize ship, should be forwarded without delay. Malmaison was also an inspiration to artists, and Redouté (whose roses still bloom throughout the year) was paid a pension by the Empress. As it happens Redouté gave painting lessons to all the Top People regardless of political implications. Having started life teaching the aristocrats, he moved on to the ladies of the Directory, and, though pensioned by Josephine, was also the instructor of Marie Louise. After the Restoration he taught the Bourbons, and, when they were deposed, gave lessons to the Queen of Louis Philippe. This is an example of the byways along which Mr. Tergit roams, mentioning in passing that Goethe once sent an artichoke instead of a bunch of flowers, knowing that the artichoke was nothing but a thistle, which "hides in its inmost core that which tastes best." Although it is surprising to read that "the old scented geranium . . . has almost disappeared" no one surely will be more pleased than Mr. Tergit to know that it still flourishes in many green-houses.

NEW NOVELS

Young Man in Chains. François Mauriac.
Eyre and Spottiswoode, 15/-

Comrade Jacob. David Cate. *André Deutsch, 16/-*

Too Long in the West. Balachandra Rajan. *Heinemann, 16/-*

A Wild Surmise. Frederic Raphael.
Cassell, 16/-

YOUNG MAN IN CHAINS is Monsieur Mauriac's first novel and has been rather oddly chosen to complete the English edition. Most of the later themes are adumbrated in this short autobiographical tale—the tension between Paris and Guyenne, the super-heated lives of young religious highbrows, the temptations to pride in the godly, the tension between the pursuit of ideas and the warm flesh of young cousins. Even with subject-matter that sounds dry and sometimes repulsive, the Mauriac narrative skill never falters. Perhaps some of the charm is a matter of echoes from later, better books, so that the mention of pines or lamplight or the *Mercure de France* reminds one of past pleasures. Some of it is undoubtedly sheer unfamiliarity; this is the private France, the France that the visitor merely glimpses. But even for the reader who does not accept Monsieur Mauriac's postulates the spell works. One of his virtues is that he gets so much done. In only a few pages there are dozens of scenes, each different, each carrying the story forward, each perfectly described and placed. To accept Monsieur Mauriac as a novelist without bothering much about his theology is lazy reading and it is, perhaps, a weak-

CRITIC'S PHRASEBOOK



The characters come to life

ness that he makes it easy to read him lazily.

David Caute's second book is a study of Winstanley and the Diggers. *Comrade Jacob* is a very good historical novel. During revolutionary periods the clash of theory erupts into action and it is possible for novels about them to combine intellectual interest with an exciting narrative. Mr. Caute avoids overpraise of Winstanley and brings out clearly his latent authoritarianism. (In one or two places he has a flavour of a seventeenth-century *Animal Farm*.) The story is told partly from the point of view of Fairfax, partly from that of Winstanley and partly from a point of detached observation. The great Army debates and the controversy over the Levellers echo in this remote corner of Surrey and the different classes of beneficiary from the Rebellion are neatly distinguished.

Too Long in the West is about the daughter of an Indian landowner from a remote province who returns after three years at an American University to find that her father has advertised for suitors for her. The village characters are fresh and amusing and Indian faults are hit fairly hard. But the story only just avoids self-conscious charm and the parade of lovable weaknesses. Mr. Rajan's brilliance of style is a good preservative. It is an excellent thing that the new India can laugh at itself; but it ought to be laughing harder. However this is an amusing and interesting book and some of Mr. Rajan's verbal flights are very funny.

A Wild Surmise is an ambitious study of oil politics in a banana republic. It consists of a number of short scenes, interior monologues and dialogues and sometimes the transitions are left for the reader to recognize so that you are always finding yourself in the middle of a conversation and having to guess for a few lines who the people are. The chief fault of the book is lack of accentuation.

Mr. Raphael is so anxious not to spoon-feed or be obvious that he leaves the significance of some of his events and characters for the reader to pick up and the result is just the same as if he had given them no significance at all. At times it is difficult to know what is going on and the enigmatic central character, the lone Englishman who is fleeing from the constrictions of Home and becomes involved in obscure plots, is left more enigmatic than Mr. Raphael probably intended. Although the novel is a brave attempt at a new *Nostromo*, Mr. Raphael has copied some of Conrad's faults. The triangular relationships, Husband-Wife-Company and Government-Americans-British, are explored with considerable ingenuity and some of the incidents rise vividly out of the slight mist.

— R. G. G. PRICE

NOTHING IS SUPERNATURAL

Ghost and Ghoul. T. C. Lethbridge. *Routledge and Kegan Paul*, 18/-

Loch Ness Monster. Tim Dinsdale. *Routledge and Kegan Paul*, 25/-

Mr. Lethbridge has seen ghosts, sensed ghouls, talked with "spirit guides"; an inexplicable force has tried to throw him from a cliff; events in his future have been foretold by others and dreamed by himself. But Mr. Lethbridge, a distinguished archaeologist claiming to be trained in the collection and evaluation of information, refuses to call these things "supernatural." He takes for granted the reality of psychokinesis, telepathy, precognition, etc., and attributes them to the working of a "force" called resonance. Most of us "believe in" gravity without knowing its cause, and there is no reason why we should not believe in resonance even though it is, so far, scientifically unaccountable, and its godfather de la Warr perhaps not the most convincing exponent in the world. (Mr. Lethbridge should read the article by Denys Parsons

on Mr. de la Warr and his boxes in the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research* for March of this year; it might moderate his excessive credulity.) Still, by assuming its existence as one once assumed the wave theory of light, information might be amassed empirically which could lead to genuine enlightenment. Actually Mr. Lethbridge is at his least convincing when discussing the theory of resonance; elsewhere he writes most lucidly and logically and sometimes even beautifully, and his book as a whole is of absorbing interest.

Mr. Dinsdale's investigations into the Loch Ness monster legend are presented with none of Mr. Lethbridge's clarity and grace. (Somebody might at least have changed "had swam" for him on its numerous appearances.) All the same, he has produced a very complete and convincing dossier on what the *aficionados* are beginning to call the "LNM" as if it were a UFO. Conclusion: the LNM is an evolved plesiosaur, and there are whole families of them, possibly in other lochs beside Loch Ness. They eat eels.

— B. A. YOUNG

QUEEN VICTORIA RIDES AGAIN

Victorian Porcelain. Geoffrey A. Godden. *Herbert Jenkins*, 42/-

Victorian Costume and Costume Accessories. Anne M. Buck. *Herbert Jenkins*, 42/-

These are the first two elegant volumes to appear in *The Victorian Collector Series* edited by Hugh Wakefield of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The aim of the series is to give information based upon the study of Victorian objects and contemporary accounts of them, rather than from secondary sources. In *Victorian Porcelain* Mr. Godden has drawn upon his own collection for many of the fine illustrations choosing those which indicate the wide scope open to collectors. Encouragingly, many of his most prized pieces were bought at junk shops; but, with fashion favouring Victoriana, such finds must soon become rare. His book contains contemporary accounts of English porcelain in the many international exhibitions held during the period. It gives the history and characteristics of the leading manufacturers, with lists of factory marks to help in identifying and dating; and there are interesting chapters on Parian statuary porcelain and on *pâte-sur-pâte* decoration.

In *Victorian Costume and Costume Accessories* Miss Buck has had a very wide field to cover. Her book is for students of dress-design and those who need to use costume as a means of dating other arts, and it does not distract by speculative psychology or the locating of erotic zones. The most excellent illustrations include contemporary paintings, and photographs, with line drawings from home magazines; and there are also photographs of accessories and garments in museums, some taken



to show the inside construction. Day and evening dresses, coats and cloaks, hats, shoes, gloves, muffs, parasols, purses, shawls, aprons, indoor caps, corsets, underwear, and even handkerchiefs are all given detailed accounts; but children's and men's clothes have only one chapter each. Far fewer men's garments and accessories survive than women's; but there are many sources of information throughout the period, and it is a pity that the series should not have a separate volume for men's clothes, rather than condensing the changes of over sixty years into a dozen pages.

— ALISON ADBURGHAM

LOOKING AT BUILDINGS

Photography and Architecture. Eric de Maré. *Architectural Press*, 50/-

A Visual History of Modern Britain—The Town. Geoffrey Martin. *Vista Books*, 25/-

Flick through these photographs of architecture and your first impressions might be of the familiar inky skies, 45° shadows, brickwork as texture, and those ubiquitous cobblestones so beloved by the *Architectural Review* some years ago. Read Mr. de Maré's text and you find he disarmingly anticipates your impressions, then goes on to give a lucid exposition of what he claims are the artistic and aesthetic values in this kind of photograph. His claims, I feel, are valid. There's little doubt that these pictures, examples of clinically organized form built up by sensitive selection in the Classical (as opposed to Romantic) manner, are minor works of art. They are tuned to the same wavelength as the paintings of Mondrian, Ben Nicholson, and, faintly, della Francesca. Turn the pages upside down and this affinity is even more apparent; abstractions that I'm sure Victor Pasmore could lecture about. The book also includes a large section on photographic technical information aimed at the amateur.

Mr. Martin's book, too, is mainly a book of pictures—photographs, engravings and drawings assembled to show in visual form the growth and history of British towns, and the people and activities that go with them. Contemporary engravings and photographs are always fascinating and a great number of these have come from collections in the provinces, material seldom exploited before. Augmented by the text and long captions, the pictures give a strong sense of 500 years of British social history.

— W. HEWISON

INSIDE THE THEATRE

The Theatres of London. Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson. *Hart-Davis*, 30/-

These eager codifiers of everything theatrical have turned their attention to London's playhouses, and the result is a book that will be invaluable to the stage historian. In each case they give full



"Skipping-rope tell me truthfully, what kind of man will marry me—Traditional, Mainstream, Modern, Square . . ."

details of origins, building and major productions. It is alarming to find that only two working suburban touring theatres, Streatham Hill and Golders Green Hippodrome, survive in the London area, and that the Metropolitan is now only used for wrestling on Saturday nights; and interesting in view of modern economics to look back at the sale of the Royal Court as recently as 1934 for £7,500, and on the revue which introduced Alice Delysia in 1914, and cost £200.

Well illustrated, this book is a mine of information that will add to the pleasure of the serious playgoer. The wanton loss of such beautiful houses as the St. James's is depressing, but there is comfort in the new regulations specifying that in future a new theatre must be built for every one demolished.

— ERIC KEOWN

CREDIT BALANCE

The Empress Alexandra. E. M. Almedingen. *Hutchinson*, 25/- . A touching and affectionate portrait of Queen Victoria's granddaughter, the consort of the last of the Romanovs, from her lonely childhood in Hesse-Darmstadt to her violent death at Ekaterinberg. Miss Almedingen writes with commendable balance as well as sensibility.

Hemingway. Leo Lania. *Thames and Hudson*, 25/- . A handsome, suitably hammy pictorial biography of Ernest Hemingway, from the days when he wrote for the Oak Park (Illinois) High School *Trapeze*, to the time he won a Nobel Prize for literature, and a bit beyond. Plenty of lively snaps of Papa characteristically at work and play in wars, revolutions, matrimony. Sensible text.

Owls and Satyrs. David Pryce-Jones. *Longmans*, 15/- . Over-patterned but promising study of *The Family*: carnivorous widowed mother, unappetizing prospective stepfather, arty National Service officer son and down-to-earth daughter. Not much plot; highspot crashing Lord's with sneaked Member's Card. Honest attempt to see the tritest of relationships with freshness.

The Party at Cranton. John W. Aldridge. *Constable*, 18/- . Labyrinthine examination of unpleasant don at American University; the sort of man who gets murdered in highbrow whodunits is given the ingenuity of attention of a Jamesian comic victim. Setting a party as seen by an ever-fash-backing and subtilizing observer. Some good jokes, some neat observations.

Collected Poems, 1908-1956. Siegfried Sassoon. *Faber*, 18/- . The brilliant, controlled precision of the trench poems still outweighs the rest of Mr. Sassoon's output. It would be difficult to find anything better of its sort than "A Working Party." But the whole book will give the historian a clear idea of what it was like to be an honest man in the last fifty years.

Birds Without Words. Giovannetti. *Macmillan (New York)*, 27/6 . It's the same Giovannetti who drew the lovable hamster in these pages, but his birds are austere and sometimes verge on the non-figurative. This is artist's fun; but anyone who enjoys Steinberg will enjoy it.



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FOR WOMEN

My Next Wife

(As dictated to ELIZABETH VERNON)

I BELIEVE in changing my wives frequently. Experience has taught me that running repairs, depreciation and general performance after about five years make it uneconomic to continue longer with the same model. Despite a slight sentimental reluctance on occasions, I start looking around after four years of even the most trouble-free service to see what improvements have been incorporated since I was last in the market.

I find it important to have a realistic appreciation of my needs. Gone are the days when I believed that smart appearance, fast get-away and streamlining were everything; when a high intake of fuel with alcoholic additives was a small price to pay for increased performance. A few awkward experiences with high-powered types have taught me that comfort is, in the end, what a man is really looking for.

My present model has been, on the whole, not unsatisfactory but there are a few modifications I shall be looking for. Firstly, I shall expect more accurate responses to my guidance. I do not object to an occasional wobble now and then but I am irritated when she insists on going in exactly the opposite direction to the one I desire. Her self-selecting gear system is not really satisfactory either and I intend to return to gears preselected by me. Then there is the question of appearance. In the main she is not unpleasant to look at. Her lines are comely and her curves pleasant although it is obvious she was built for comfort rather than

speed. Her coachwork could do with some redesigning. I also deplore her trick of changing her coats of paint so frequently. Returning to find the black model with scarlet trimmings has suddenly become ash blonde with pale pink is disconcerting and can lead to doubts about ownership. I should also welcome more conservative lines in bonnets and boots.

Her repair bills have not been excessive, I suppose. A bit of coughing and spluttering has occurred from time to time, mostly in cold weather but this has usually been self-curing. Recovering has probably been the biggest

outlay. Brand new covers have been rejected on the ground that they did not fit properly. Fuel consumption is rather erratic. She will run quite well for some considerable time on normal-grade fuels but will suddenly refuse to continue on it and demand a carbohydrate free intake. While these fits last she becomes increasingly difficult to handle and my comfort is seriously diminished. The end of these bouts always produces the need for recovering previously mentioned.

Nevertheless, I allow that she has done sterling service and now that her time is running out it is with real regret that I am preparing to trade her in. I do not anticipate any difficulty in finding her a good home. She was brand new when I got her and I have kept her in as good order as I was able. She has a nice character despite some eccentricities. In fact I have come to regard her as almost human and hope she will receive kindness in her old age.

Having recently attained a somewhat more prominent position in my profession I am feeling the need for a more aristocratic model. This will include greater dignity of carriage, better finish and an over-all refinement of pitch not found in more ordinary lines. No doubt her running costs will be higher in proportion to service obtained but I am considering keeping a smaller, runabout utility type in addition, for when I feel the need for some more sporty relaxation.

Someone to Help Me

LOOKING for help is a painful process at best. Here in Sweden it has proved to be quite intolerable. At home in America, and in Britain, I was always very careful what I advertised for. *Housekeeper* sounds so bossy; *maid*, so subservient; *baby-sitter*, so ephemeral and teenagey. *Mother's help* seems so cosy and palsy; *baby nurse*, so starched and superior; but *nanny*, now nanny is just right. However I do not know the Swedish for nanny, or any of those other names. So I had to content myself with advertising for a flicka, a girl.

Even that, apparently, was misunderstood. An older woman strode in

to see me and began to speak Swedish in a low, modulated voice. When she perceived the thickness of the language barrier between us, she switched to English, which she speaks loudly and aggressively. It made me wonder about the people who had taught her. She assured me that she was excellent and firm with children and added "You don't have to worry about a thing, Honey. I'll begin to-morrow."

A farmer brought in his fourteen-year-old daughter who sat mute, giving me sidelong glances full of poisonous resentment, while he negotiated with me through a translator. She would

ride on the bus two hours each morning to get here, he said. She would cook, clean, bake, wash, beat the rugs really well, everything, for so many crowns a week. Wouldn't she? He glowered at her. She nodded sullenly.

One girl told me crisply that she wished ten pounds a week for twenty hours' work. Another nineteen-year-old told me, as she filed her long red nails, that she wanted a temporary job so she could save money to go to Hollywood.

The negotiating was very hard. Usually, I have gone through a long song and dance about how the care of the baby was most important, but if the person got bored, I wouldn't be mad if she washed up the dishes or dusted. This is somewhat hard to convey with signs.

Another problem was that, for some extraordinary reason, I always find myself, during this hiring period, plunged into an agonizing Re-evaluation of Long Range Goals. All I want is some kind young lady to guard the baby four hours a day. But, while I am seeking her, my sleep is disturbed, night after night. Such phrases as Unnatural Mother and Irresponsible Parent rise, unbidden, to my mind. When *Time* talks about "spock-marked" mothers, it must mean me.

Just when I was beginning to despair, the perfect girl came along. The baby fell in love with her, trailing around after her, sighing hopelessly, "Pretty, oh, pretty . . ." Unfortunately, my husband was similarly smitten and told me dreamily that she was sort of a young Ingrid Bergman. He added earnestly that we have a real responsibility to help these young foreign girls learn English.

She is very pretty. I hired her, knowing sadly that I'd have to leap up early in the mornings to get tricked out in "at home" clothes, just to compete. I tell myself wistfully that the mature type has its charms. Look at Marilyn Monroe. Lots older than me.

Older helps tell you about their daughters in beauty schools; their ailments; their previous employers; the marvellous comedies they see on telly. Younger helps take up your time in a more insidious way. I look at myself in my too chic toreador pants, my expensive hairdo, my jangling jewels. I guess you might say she is helping me out.

— JENNIE FARLEY

Crisis

FASTEN the windows! batten the shutters, quick!
Bring extra blankets, pile them layers thick.
Fetch cushions too, and my angora shawl—
Well then, the dogs must go without, that's all.
Find the thermometer (behind the tin
Marked "Raisins") and a dozen aspirin;
Run for the gargle—not the white, the pink—
And disinfectant (underneath the sink).
Where did we put the linctus?—and make haste
With sugar-lumps to hide the nasty taste.
Hot bottles strewn in heaps about the bed,
Hot toddies—what? well, use the port instead.
Slippers and scarf and warmed-up dressing gown
And possibly a second eiderdown
And steaming Bovril on a lacy tray
And Friar's Balsam and a nasal spray
And lozenges and little bits of fish
Swimming in milk and peaches on a dish—

What do you mean, is someone feeling ill?
Poor Daddy thinks he *may* have caught a chill.

— PAMELA SINCLAIR



"Are they still pinching in Rome?"

Toby Competitions

No. 169—Magic Lantern

A PARAGRAPH in *Punch* last week advanced the theory that a television set was a useful thing to have in the house because it kept the mice away. Draft an advertisement for a television set recommending it on grounds other than the normal idea of seeing and hearing. Limit 100 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, June 14.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 169, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 166 (Vicious Circle)

A new circle for the inferno of Dante with appropriate punishment for a modern sin was required. Bad driving and driving under the influence of alcohol easily topped the list of modern sins, with addiction to TV well behind and Keeping up with the Joneses a close third. The winner was:

L. F. GOLDSMID,
CARRANYA,
BEMBRIDGE,
ISLE OF WIGHT



Then I beheld Aceldama's vast woe
Accomplished by titanic wheels that
rushed
In murderous gyrations to and fro,
Beneath whose murderous assault were
crushed
A horde of human bodies where they lay,
From whose racked limbs the blood in
torrents gushed.
Then asked I, as I turned my face away,
"Who are these wretches, tortured for
what deed?"
My Guide made solemn answer, "These
are they
Who sacrificed to Moloch, god of
speed,
Maiming and killing with the Juggernaut
That served them, pressing forward
with no heed.
So, for the desolation they have wrought,
This punctual retribution is decreed."

Following are the runners-up:

If Dante will excuse me, he would rather
more amuse me
If his sonorous *Inferno* were a mirror of
to-day.
He could then prescribe a region for that
vast suburban legion,
The dames who make commuting such a
murderous affray.
With all the day before 'em—how the
thought of it must bore 'em!—
They are only really happy when they're
jaunting up to town.
Cup of coffee, window-shopping—fair
enough; but why leave hopping
On to buses going homewards till the city's
closing down?
My apologies to Dante; I will risk a little
ante—
That his shade would have them hanging
on for ever to a strap
In an endless inner circle, while the ones
who went to work'll
Still be jabbing them with brollies at the
final thunderclap!
D. H. Torney, 7 Collingwood House,
Dolphin Square, S.W.1

Pause here, good friend, and contemplate
these sorry wights:
Observe the pallor on their cheeks, their
bulging eyes,
Their shrunken frames and rounded backs,
from days and nights
Gazing like fascinated rabbits, votaries
In homage to their god, the television screen.

But now eternal homage they must pay.
Their cries
Are stifled and their heads fast clamped,
and nothing seen
Save their moronic master's face. They
have no power
To think or move, or animus to vent their
spleen
On the foul vampire that sapped their
strength. So they cower
In catalepsy awful to behold, to spend
Days that are years, when every second is
an hour
Of agony, pinioned in torment, without
end...

J. R. H. Hall, "Tigh-an-Truain," Port
Ellen, Isle of Islay, Argyll

At the opening to the circle was found the
following inscription: "Abandon Soap, all
ye who enter Here." I saw hundreds of
men, immaculately dressed, but sweating
profusely, bent double over old-fashioned
wash-tubs and rubbing furiously. They
found it hard to keep up with their minions,
the shopkeepers and those who wrote
advertising copy who laboriously and un-
ceasingly dragged huge piled-up baskets of
clothing to and from a pit of whitewash. On
enquiring of their particular sin I was told
that they all profited to an enormous extent
from perpetrating the myth that cleanliness
and whiteness were synonymous.

P. W. R. Foot, 23 Hazelbrouck Gardens,
Barkingside, Essex

To the tenth Circle in the Master's steps,
Great Marples, I descended: there a cave
Stretch'd vast and gloomy, o'er whose portals
writ

These words I marked: "For overtakers rash
Wait undertakers." Entering I found
A scene that all but froze the sanguine stream.
A thousand spirits toiled with bended back
To turn for evermore the handles fixed
To rusted engines. I then: "Oh, my guide,
For what base crime are these tormented
souls

By Minos here immured?" He straight
replied:
"These drove their chariots without heed
of life

Or limb: for such as live on earth could I
A Circle numbered 20 but decree!"

M. V. Carter, Belvedere, Leigh Woods,
Bristol 8

If Dante were alive to-day,
No doubt he'd have a lot to say
Concerning those who carry round
Makers of never-ending sound—
A radio, or other "portable"—
To make their little world supportable.
When thrust into the realm infernal,
Here is their punishment eternal:
Let them in silence always dwell,
For ever held in voiceless spell.
Lest into apathy they sink,
Let their dulled brains be made to think.
Then they'll remember at their leisure
All those who suffered for their pleasure.

J. P. Pinel, 67 Horn Park Lane, Lee,
London, S.E.12

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TOOTAL

for men

Tootal
makers of the
Pyramid handkerchief

CONTINUED FROM PAGE XV

Wigmore Hall. June 8, 7.30 pm, Antonio Brosa (violin), Ian Lake (piano), Brahms-Bach-Bartok-Turina-Britten. June 13, 7.30 pm, Gary Towlen (pianist), Macdowell-Chopin-Ravel.

Sadler's Wells. Handel Opera Company, nightly at 7.30 pm, *La Vie Parisienne* (until June 17).

Royal Opera House. June 7, 7 pm, *Boris Godunov*. June 8, 9 pm, Royal Performance: *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*. June 9, 7.30 pm, *Lucia di Lammermoor*. June 10, 7 pm, *Boris Godunov*. June 12, 7.30 pm, *Lucia di Lammermoor*. June 13, 7.30 pm, *Madame Butterfly*.

GALLERIES



Beaux Arts Gallery. Drawings by Edward Middleditch. **Gallery One.** Paintings by Rufino Tamayo. **Collector's Gallery.** Paintings, drawings and poetry by Reginald Gray (until June 10). **Grosvenor.** Works by Soviet artists (until June 10). **Institute of Contemporary Arts.** Paintings by William Copley. **Jeffress.** Contemporary Yugoslav primitives. **Royal Water-Colour Society Galleries.** Embroidery; demonstrations daily. **Waddington.** Terry Frost.

SHOPS

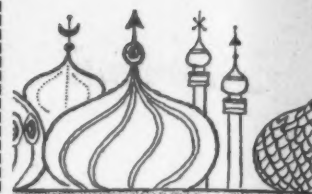


From June 10 to 17 **Lillywhites** are having a "Treasures from the Sea" exhibition. On show are objects of historical interest found by aqua-lung divers from European coastal sea beds. At 6 pm on June 14 there will be a film on sailing, water-ski-ing and underwater diving. Tickets, as well as equipment for these sports, now available. **Harrods** keeps the emphasis out of doors with a display of tents in the Fashion Theatre throughout June. For day-trippers there is picnic equipment in the Turnery Department. **Maples** also have picnics in mind with their new rayon liquid-resisting table cloths and matching napkins. Additionally they have recently opened a second-hand furniture showroom consisting of contemporary and reproduction furniture.

The **London Bedding Centre**, at its new premises in Sloane Street, specializes in "made to measure" beds for both in and out-of-town customers. Bedrooms can be entirely furnished from the new Soft Furnishing Department, and there is also a greatly extended Carpet Section.

Slacks cut the **Austin Reed** way, and woven in exclusive materials, are at all their branches, while **Simpson's** are featuring lightweight Daks jacket and shorts. Summer shorts, in various colours, can be found at the men's Holiday Shop in **Aquascutum**. On the feminine side, the **Elizabeth Arden Salon** in Bond Street has special exercise treatments aimed at getting clients in trim for holidays. Single lesson or course. Also holiday-conscious **Revelation** have brought out a new fibre-glass case with a built-in electric iron, so designed as to form the handle. Now in the luggage departments of leading stores throughout the country, together with zipper cases in various new designs.

From June 6 to 24 on the Ground Floor of **Heal's** there is to be an exhibition of recent Chinese paintings by David Kwok.



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about Scotch, the
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garrard

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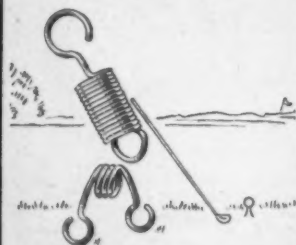


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Painted by David Gentleman

Shell guide to SOMERSET



Flats and hills — Sedgemoor and the Mendips, the Quantocks, the Polden Hills, Exmoor — add up to much of this county, whose characteristics include superb church towers (1) of the 15th century (this one is at Huish Episcopi) and apple orchards for Somerset cider. Objects left and right speak of ancient Somerset — left, a Romano-British carving of the female deity Sulis (2), who presided over the hot springs and the Roman baths at Bath (which the Romans called Aquae Sulis), and a pig of Roman lead (3), stamped with the Emperor's name, from the mines the Romans worked round Charterhouse, on Mendip; right, the tor (4) at Glastonbury, ancient centre of Celtic Christianity, crowned by the tower of the now ruined church of St. Michael, patron of high places.

For so agricultural and rural a county of milk and butter and Cheddar cheese (5), of basket-making (from Sedgemoor withies — shown here boiled and peeled (6), as they are seen outside the cottages around Athelney), and cider apples (painted on one of the withy mats used for straining the cider pulp), Somerset has been the home of a good deal of thinking and invention. John Locke (7), the philosopher, a chief figure of the mental awakening which introduced our scientific age, was born at Wrington in 1632. At Bath Friese-Greene invented the cinema; at Chard John Stringfellow, pioneer of flight, worked on his aeroplane models. His steam-powered model (8) of 1848 never, alas, attained so dizzy a height above "Sad Sedgemoor" — sad in part for the vengeance exacted by Judge Jeffreys at the "Bloody Assize" on the followers of the Duke of Monmouth (9), defeated on Sedgemoor on 6 July, 1685, in his bid for the throne.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave pleasure to so many people, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls. In U.S.A. from Transatlantic Art Inc., Hollywood by the Sea, Florida, \$2.00.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF  The key to the Countryside



Why a Whitbread in such a tiny glass?

YOU need only a very little Whitbread to prove an interesting point. It's that a Whitbread really has a flavour all its own, a flavour so distinctive that a sip or two is all you need to appreciate the difference. Take a small glass and pour a small Whitbread into it. Taste it. Roll it round your tongue, as if you were trying a wine. *Contemplate* the flavour. *Savour* the after-taste. You'll find the intriguing

a flavour to intrigue you

pleasure of the Whitbread has been enhanced fiftyfold, simply because a wine glass concentrates the bouquet, the flavour, the very essence of a Whitbread. Afterwards, take your daily Whitbread in a normal sized glass and you'll never confuse it with any other drink.

NOTE: *this is a perfectly valid tasting test. You can try it for yourself at home, or in a bar, using any small wine glass.*

a pleasure to transform you



a WHITBREAD makes the most of you

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the
our
ver
for